

THE

American Girl

MAY 1948

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we're off for a

Bike Hike!



DIVIDE THE FOOD into baskets or boxes for easy carting. Franks Casserole in one, thickly wrapped in newspapers to keep *hot*. Salads, ditto, in another to keep *cold*. Plan to get everybody into the act by tucking in separate ideas for games or stunts—one for each guest to engineer.



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THE American Girl

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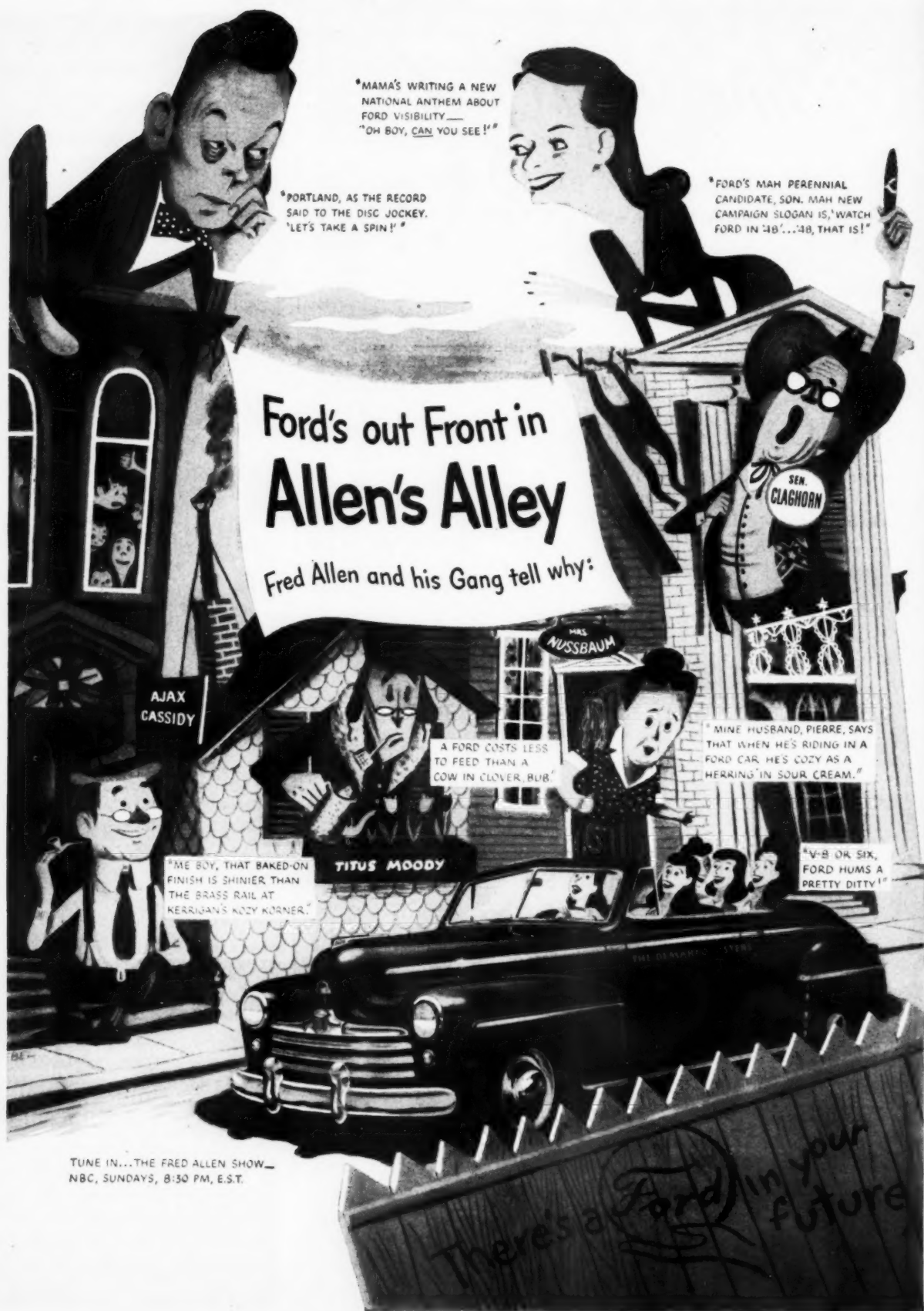
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Perpetua read the exciting list of prizes and a faraway look came into her eyes

Perpetua Puts One Over

by Charlotta Gilbert Kent

THE new girl kept a step ahead of us all the way from school. She was leggy, and thin, and her blond hair gave the impression of always flying in the wind. Her name was Perpetua Kelly, and her family had just moved to town.

We didn't realize then, Joanne Storm and I, that the whole school would soon be trailing that typical step behind Perpetua. This was about a week before somebody named her Perpetual Motion, and believe me, she lived up to the nickname!

As we turned off the sidewalk, a chocolate-brown torpedo shot toward us from the Kelly front porch. Joanne and I chorused, "What in the world—?"

"It's Joel," Perpetua said as she gathered the wiggling dachshund into her arms. "I won him in a contest."

"A contest?" I echoed, rubbing Joel's silky ears.

"For the best slogan for 'Be Kind to Animals Week,'" she

explained, ushering us into the living room. "Tell me, do the papers here run many contests?" But before either of us could answer, she was off up the stairs, calling back, "I want to show you my scrapbooks."

She came down with one arm around two large scrapbooks and the other around her mother's waist. "Mother, this is Joanne Storm and Henrietta Vaughan. They've been so friendly that I didn't feel a bit as if I were in a strange school." Smiling at us, she added, "I won these scrapbooks in a snapshot contest. But Mother is my best prize."

I couldn't resist asking, "Did you win *her* in a contest, too?"

Mrs. Kelly laughed. "I see you've already caught on to Perpetua's favorite vice. If we can get her mind off contests for a few minutes, she might remember to bring in a few cookies—"

Perpetua was off like a flash, so that her mother had to call after her, "—and some iced tea." She shook her head in mock despair. "I declare, I get all out of breath trying to keep up with that girl! And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm still in the midst of unpacking."

Perpetua was back with iced tea and cookies. Munching contentedly, we started leafing through the scrapbooks.

"Do you make a hobby of contests?" asked Joanne.

Perpetua nodded. "It's fun—besides being pretty profitable," she said.

"Here's the one about Joel," said Joanne, "and the Patterson Prize in Latin—the American Legion Award for outstanding performance in athletics—"

"Did I hear athletics?" I demanded. "Do you play basketball?"

"Forward," answered Perpetua.

"Will wonders never cease!" I crowed. "We need a forward, and with your competitive spirit—what we won't do to the other teams!"

"I'll be out for the team," Perpetua assured me. "You're both members?"

"Just Henny," said Joanne.

"Joanne's happy only when she has an ailing geranium to nurse back to health," I explained.

"Oh, that reminds me!" Perpetua reached into the pocket of her dress and brought forth a mimeographed sheet. "Miss Carlin gave me this today. 'The Jewell Scholarship in Horticulture. Available every four years' (and this is the year) 'to that member of the senior class who has made the highest marks in botany. Provides four years' tuition at any

accredited school of horticulture or agricultural college.' *There's* a contest for me! I'm going all out for that one."

"But—" I cut short the protest I had been about to make. After all, I couldn't say, "But that's Joanne's scholarship!" Obviously it wasn't, even though everyone took it for granted that she would win it. "Are you interested in horticulture?" I finished lamely.

"Not particularly," replied Perpetua. "But it's a contest, isn't it?"

I stole a quick glance at Joanne. Her brown eyes were troubled—and well they might be. She's the sweetest kid in the world, but her hobby is gardening—not contests. And in Perpetua she'd be up against practically a professional. It was necessary for Joanne to win that scholarship if she were to get any college education at all. Whereas Perpetua—my eyes took in a living room furnished in expensive good taste—clearly didn't need a scholarship.

For one reckless moment I thought of explaining these things to the new girl. Then I realized that I couldn't—not in front of Joanne, anyway.

To break the awkward silence I asked Perpetua, "What are you planning to study at college?"

"All the English I can get," she answered. "I want to be an advertising copy writer."

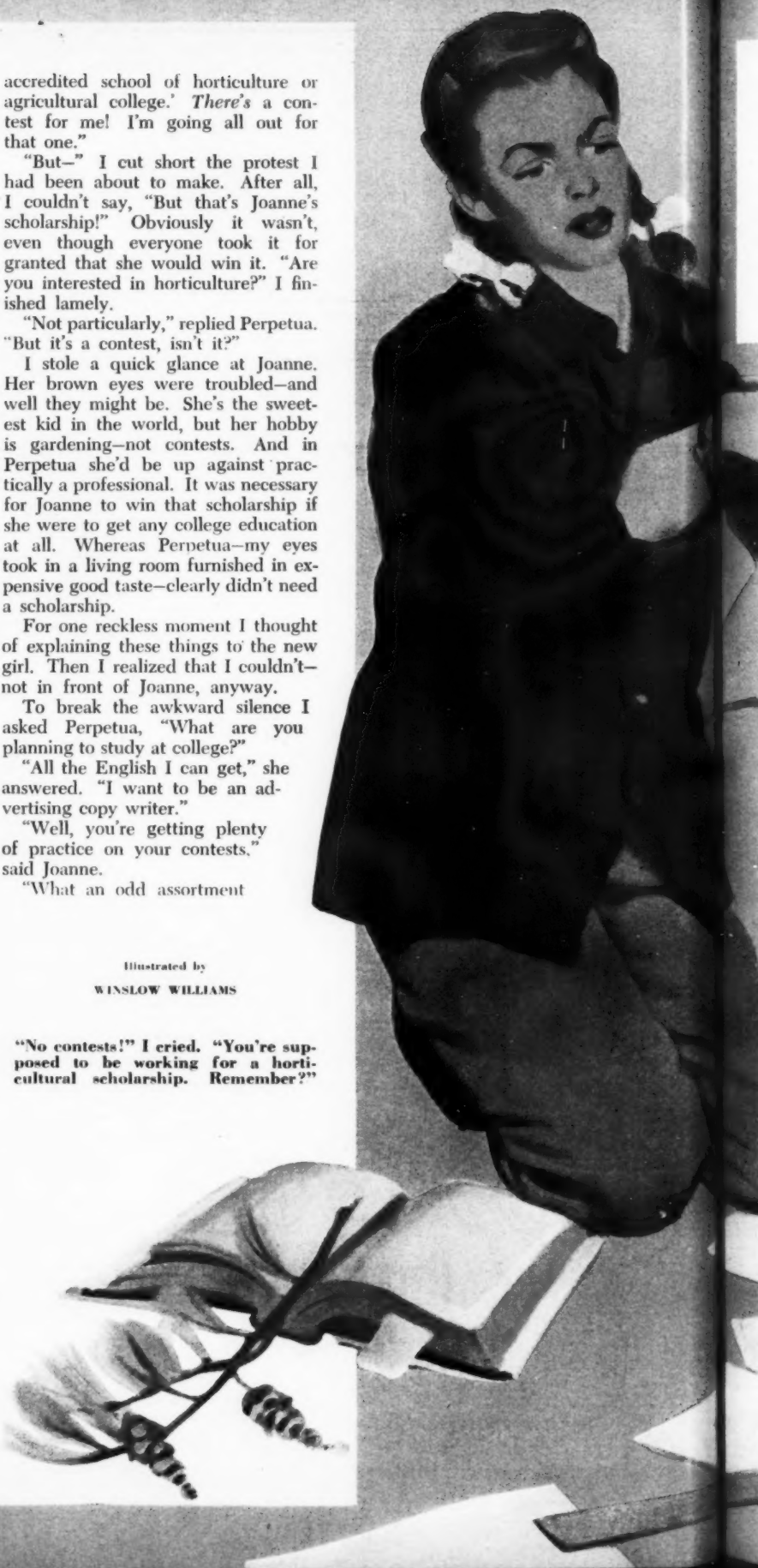
"Well, you're getting plenty of practice on your contests," said Joanne.

"What an odd assortment

Illustrated by

WINSLOW WILLIAMS

"No contests!" I cried. "You're supposed to be working for a horticultural scholarship. Remember?"



of careers we're planning," I exclaimed. "Perpetua a copy writer, me a schoolteacher, and Joanne will probably wind up as head curator in a botanical garden."

Perpetua looked at Joanne with new interest. "You're really going to make a career of your geraniums?"

Joanne nodded. "But right now I'd better make a career of hurrying home and getting dinner. Mother will be home long before it's ready."

We walked several blocks in silence. Then I remarked bitterly, "Well, well, well! A professional contest winner among us!"

"I think it's sort of cute," maintained Joanne. "Don't you?" "Cute? Merciful marigolds!"

"And you thought so, too, until you learned that she was going to try for the scholarship," accused Joanne.

I gave her my best "motherly" look. "The trouble with you," I told her, "is that you aren't practical. This contest mania of Perpetua's has landed us in the middle of the finest kettle of fish you ever saw, and you think it's cute!"

"She has just as much right to try for it as I have."

"But it isn't fair," I protested. "The scholarship doesn't mean a thing to her. Why, she (Continued on page 40)



DEAR JANIE:

I am in a most desperate plight, and I want you to help me decide what I ought to do about it. Bill Burns goes to the Macgilley School for Boys this year and he invited me and his sister, Maralyn, to come over for the first football game and the dance afterward. Maralyn has a date with Philip Hall, who also goes there, and Bill is supposed to be my date, of course. I accepted the invitation right off, when Mother said I could go, and Maralyn's mother agreed to drive us over and chaperon us.

Well, last night when I told Roddy I was going, he simply blew a fuse. Which makes me mad, because to my certain knowledge he had several dates with Dolly Simpson's visitor, Kitty Lowe, while I was at camp in the summer. Although I would bite my tongue off at the roots before I would let him know I cared, it worried me a bit, because Kitty is terribly attractive to boys. But she was gone when I got home from camp, and they say out of sight is out of mind.

But if I go to Chattanooga, Roddy might start writing her or even going to see her, because her home is only ninety miles from here. So what to do? I do not care to be browbeaten by Roddy, although he is the cutest boy in town. But Bill is cute, too, and after all, who wants to devote their whole life to having dates with just one boy? Maralyn went to several Macgilley dances last year and she says they are grand fun. I have never been to a prep-school dance in my life. I tried to tell Roddy that my interest in Bill is purely platonic (which means it has no love in it, only friendship). But he said boys only ask girls they are seriously interested in and that if I go it will be the same as telling the world that I am Bill's girl. So he said to think it over, because if I go it will be THE END as far as he is concerned.

Write at once and advise me. Lucy Ellen says go by all means. She says I'd be foolish to let Roddy think he can dictate to me. But Lucy Ellen could always manage to have several beaux at once and keep them all in good humor. I guess I don't have what it takes to make a belle. Harry says it takes finesse. His advice is never give in to a tyrannical male. Let me know what you think, posthaste.

*Your loving friend,
Pat Downing*

When Elsie called to tell me
that Kitty Lowe was in town I
had to pretend I didn't care



Declaration of Independence

by FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

An invitation to a dance poses an old, old problem—and Pat Downing comes up with an answer. Was it the right one?

against having only one beau, although they like Roddy. I guess no beaus at all would suit them better still, but after all, I'll soon be sixteen.

Anyhow, the die is cast and I am thrilled I am going. But it is a pity boys are so bossy, isn't it?

*Your loving friend,
P. Downing*

Dear Janie:

Thanks for your letter. It was mainly your advice that gave me the courage to tell Roddy I am going to Macgilley. I told him gently but firmly. I repeated what you said about people our age being free to meet and enjoy lots of other people and not seeing too much of just one. So with that he gave a haughty shrug and walked away.

I was hoping he would call me for a date tonight, because it's Friday and he usually does, but he didn't. So here I sit writing to you. I guess he is mad. His worst fault is that he is inclined to sulk. However, I am not going to let it pray on my mind and spoil my trip.

Mother is going to let me get a new evening dress, three cheers! I have my dull-green flannel suit for the game and my brown-and-green tweed coat is being cleaned. I am going to have some new brown suede shankscots, and with my printed silk that I got last Easter I guess I will have enough. Mother is co-operating more than usual. She wants me to go, and even Father seems to like the idea. I guess it is because they want me to have dates with people besides Roddy. They are

Dear Janie:

My bag is all packed and today we leave for Chattanooga. Elsie just called to tell me that Kitty Lowe is staying with Dolly for the week end. So I said, "Is that so? She's very attractive, isn't she?" I have too much pride to admit to anyone but you that it matters aught to me if she dates Roddy. But I bet he got Dolly to ask her over this week end, just to show me. Because I think his pride is hurt. Isn't that silly? Lucy Ellen says to ignore him and he'll get over it.

Lucy Ellen doesn't know everything, though. She is happily married to Harry, which makes her independent. At the moment I have no other beau in sight around here. I guess Lucy Ellen has forgotten how insecure you feel when you are young and just starting to go with boys. But I can't back out now—and I wouldn't if I could. I have made my declaration of independence to Roddy and I won't back down.

*Your loving friend,
Pat Downing*

Dear Janie:

Well, here we are at the hotel in Chattanooga. You really get a superb view of the city, because the hotel is on Lookout Mountain.

The drive over was lovely, but slitley dangerous. The sad truth is Mrs. Burns is a deadly driver. She wouldn't let Maralyn or me touch the wheel. She says young people are reckless. But she gets to admiring the scenery (*Continued on page 26*)

Illustrated by MEG WOHLBERG



for town and country:

Combine a



Sally Mason's bustle-back skirt, about \$9.00 with eyelet-yoked over blouse, about \$5.00, both in teen sizes 10-16



Eyelet-ruffled blouse and skirt by Joan Lord; young-teen sizes 10-14; blouse, about \$4.00; skirt, about \$6.00



Gay embroidery edges the blouse, about \$4.50 and skirt, about \$8.00 by Sally Mason; young-teen sizes 10-14

New excitement in your

by **FRANCES KOLTUN**

Photographs by William Benedict

Blouse and Skirt



Pert plaid blouse and black cummerbund skirt with matching ruffle; by Derby, teen sizes 10-16, about \$11



Quaint checked-gingham trim on this Joan Lord outfit in teen sizes 10-16; blouse about \$4.00, skirt about \$8.00



Delicate lace trims Sally Mason's blouse, about \$5.50 and hip-flounced skirt, about \$9.00; in teen sizes 10-16

summer wardrobe—feminine blouses and skirts, ruffled or flounced, in crisp, cool cotton

You'll find every one of these blouses and skirts at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, New York, N. Y.; Bloomingdale's New York, N. Y.; Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wisconsin; Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Georgia; and Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

ladies and gentlemen...

by MARY ELOISE STONE

Illustrated by LOWELL HESS

Unaccustomed to public speaking? Here are easy common-sense hints to help you enjoy the process

WHY the long face and furrowed forehead? Surely you're not *that* worried about the speech you've promised to make!

Cheer up. You'll feel wonderful when it's over. In fact, though you may not believe it now, you'll recover completely and live to second motions, conduct meetings, give current-event and book reports—even address the student body or the women's club without undue agony.

Actually, the clammy hands, queasy stomach, and pounding heart are common prespeech symptoms even among top-notch speakers. Most of them welcome nervousness as a sign that they'll give an enthusiastic, alert talk. And almost invariably they report that the minute they're on their feet the qualms dissolve.

One of the tricks, of course, is to ignore all those fancy loop-the-loops your tummy's been performing. Turn your attention instead to the people who'll be listening. After all, without your audience there wouldn't be any point in making your speech.

Haven't you listened to speakers who knew exactly what you needed to hear? It's no accident when a speaker seems to read your mind. You may be certain he's taken the trouble to find out beforehand just what kind of audience he'll have. Then he has worked out a speech especially for these people; no repetition of what they've heard fifteen times before; no long discourse way above their heads.

So whenever you're asked to give a talk, do find out, in advance, everything you can about your audience. What will be the size of the gathering? Will there be girls, boys, or both? What is the approximate age range of the group, and what special hobbies do these people have? Anything which gives you a lead toward the group's particular interests will be of assistance in pointing up your speech to fit this special audience.

As for the topic you're to speak on, often that will require research and lots of it. You'll disappear into the library reference room and spend hours following the leads given in indexes and card catalogues. You'll master your subject, make it yours, collect enough fascinating material to fill a book before you start sorting, weighing, organizing, and outlining. That's one kind of speech.

But let's say that your friend Betsy is up for student council secretary and you, in a burst of enthusiasm and loyalty, have volunteered to give a campaign speech for her. In this particular case, of course, you know that you will have a full house composed of girls, boys, and teachers. You're aware, too, that some of your listeners have already decided to vote for Betsy, that others are sold on her opponent, and that the rest may be persuaded one way or the other by the speech you make.

Once familiar with the audience, it's time to plan the outline of your speech. Taking pains to work out a good preview—not the exact words, to be sure, but a good, full outline—will pay in the end. This is the best way to organize your thoughts so that you can express them most effectively. A good outline not only





will help your speech to be concise and snappy, but will assist you in knowing when you have come to the end. You know how annoying rambling or talking beyond the time limit can be!

The introduction to the speech often determines whether the audience will continue to listen to what you're saying, or will start "counting off" the buttons on your dress, and wondering how you manage your pompadour. Instead of diving headlong into the subject, give the audience a chance to relax by making an appropriate opening comment or relating a suitable story. A light touch is fine and a joke is good when it applies directly to the topic, but keep the introduction brief, making sure that it tells the purpose of the speech.

The body of the speech will contain your main ideas. Put these down as headings in the outline. Then list under each heading the points you wish to take up, with statements and examples to reinforce them. Be careful in arranging the order of these points so that each one leads logically to the next.

In an effort to be effective, school campaign speeches often sound pompous, as if the office in question were at least that of President of the United States. Why not simply say, "We all appreciate that the office in question is one to be taken seriously, and one which requires special abilities." Then go on to convince the hearers of your candidate's fitness for the office. Describe any previous responsible positions Betsy has held in your club, camp, or church group as well as in the school. If she lacks specific experience, stress her innate abilities. Point out the fact that you feel it's time for a fresh talent. Don't promise ridiculous reforms. No one takes any stock in the promise of a shortened school day, dances twice a week, or the end of all homework!

Using examples or stories to illustrate the important points is an excellent way to hold listener interest, but don't dwell on these yarns. Make your points separately and clearly, visualizing each as a nail to be driven briskly into an imaginary board. Humor helps people to see a point more quickly and remember it longer, so be amusing when you can.

Bear in mind, too, that large numbers seldom mean much to the listening audience. Comparisons are better. Instead of "10,000 people" say "fully half of this community."

Pictures, charts, and other visual aids which can be seen by the audience add interest, and can be offered as proof of your arguments. But don't let them draw attention from the speech itself. For instance, avoid passing materials around to your listeners until you're through. It's difficult for the audience to look at them, pass them along, and listen all at once.

NOW for the conclusion. Make it short, but not abrupt. This is the place for summing up and reviewing briefly the points brought out in the body of the speech, and for one last coup which will make everyone want to vote for Betsy. Many speakers finish with "I thank you," and if this is customary in your school, use it. But, do omit the hackneyed "May the best man win." Clichés, meaningless superlatives, slang, and trite phrases should be swept out of your whole speech, in fact. Go to your dictionary or thesaurus for colorful synonyms.

It's a rare outline which can't be improved after the first draft. Work on this speech framework until you're satisfied that you've presented the points you wish to make in the best possible order; that the illustrations and examples fit perfectly; and that the outline exactly meets the needs of the occasion.

When this outline is whipped into perfect shape, type-write or print the key sentences on 3x5 index cards, with the subdivisions and examples indicated underneath. Instead of writing out the speech in full and memorizing it, parrot-fashion, develop what you'll say orally from these cards. Thinking through the speech each time you rehearse will help you to sound much more spon- (Continued on page 32)

Follow the Stars

by RUTH BAKER



Hitch your wagon to this star—almost all of us can work for a prettier skin. Soap and water; plenty of sleep and exercise; fruits for desserts, are a few signposts



For its stellar role, your hair is washed and brushed to gleaming perfection. Maybe you'll wear it shorter now, shaped to fit the head in a new-looking, neat little cap



A star for your eyes—and just one pair per lifetime! Don't spare the bulbs; let your light shine over your left shoulder; and if you need glasses, wear them gaily



You smile, often and sincerely, of course. Help it dazzle! Lots of milk on the menu? Faithful with the toothbrush? And do you see your friend the dentist twice a year?



Add one large star for the happy heart or mind or disposition. Call it what you will but let it shine out at the world in your smile, your eyes, your voice, and handshake



How did your elbows stand the winter? Let's hope they're smooth, soft, and white. Make scrubbing them, with a brush, part of your bath routine. Then rub in some hand cream



A smooth, controlled hipline is written in every girl's stars. If you need a girdle, choose it carefully, suds it often. And, we always say, reducing exercises can be fun



Each fingertip can rate a star if you give yourself a careful, weekly manicure. Always push back the cuticle (gently) when you dry your hands, too, and don't forget the lotion



Yes, hems have dropped, but they shouldn't be flopping at your ankles for school—good taste says 2" or 3" below the knee! Dressier events? Consider your build, the dress's style



Not least but last, star your faithful feet. Treat them kindly; they love scrubblings with a stiff brush; five minutes of simple exercises daily; shiny, well-cobbled shoes





Left: Tween-Timer's dress of smooth sharkskin has delicate eyelet embroidery trimming the square neck and full, street-length skirt. Made in white only, it comes in young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$9.00

Below left: A small detachable cape makes Petiteen's graduation dress perfect for wear all summer long. Made of crisp piqué, in white or soft pastel shades, young-teen sizes 10-14, about \$11.00

Below: So pretty you'll wear it to all the spring proms—this filmy net graduation dress by Andree & Seedman, with its rustling taffeta slip. In white or pastels, teen sizes 10-16, about \$20.00

All of the dresses on this page may be bought at L. Bamberger & Co., Newark; Famous-Barr, St. Louis; Filene's, Boston; J. L. Hudson, Detroit and Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia.

by KAY LANG



Table is by courtesy of Carolan Co. Inc., New York City

for graduation and after:

You'll Look Lovely in White



Beany Malone

by LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

Illustrated by PUNKIE BENNING

CONCLUSION

MARTIE MALONE was home again. His arms caught Beany as she came down the stairs. The button on his tweed vest tangled in one of her braids the way it always did. Martie, loosening it, gave it an extra tug and said, "Beany, blessed," as he always did.

Beany was smiling, but her eyes were full of tears. "It's so good to see you, Father! How did you get here?"

"I had the local station on the radio last night, and heard about Emerson. So I packed and caught a plane out. Maybe I was just glad of an excuse to come home and mother-father my tribe." His tanned face looked rested. "I've been out to the hospital, Don's going to be all right, and Elizabeth is very happy. She'll be home later."

"Have you seen Mary Fred? I did try to take care of them for you, Father, but you'll see I didn't succeed very well."

"I looked in on her, but she's sound asleep."

In the kitchen Kay was cooking oatmeal for little Martie, while Johnny made coffee. The motorcycle policeman stopped in to talk to Martie about yesterday's accident and drink a cup of Johnny's coffee. The driver of the bakery truck dropped in with a clue.

"I figured out that when the hit-and-run car went up College it'd pass Mac's garage." So he had questioned Mac, and Mac remembered it all right, because when the car had whizzed past, it had splashed slush over him as he was changing a tire at the curb. It was a woman driver, and the license number had three sixes in it.

The motorcycle policeman stood up. He could soon make that add up. He had to step around Kay at the hall telephone. She was saying, "Faye, I want to tell you that the old man—the one who was knocked down by the hit-and-run driver—isn't badly hurt. Martie Malone came home early this morning."

Again Beany fought back an unpleasant suspicion. Kay was just telling her mother the news, wasn't she? "They have clues to trace the driver. Faye, you've got to come over."

Another caller sounded the Malone knocker. Beany was behind her father as he opened the door. Norbett Rhodes stood there, his shoulders caked with snow. Plainly embarrassed, he began a fumbling explanation. "The 'Tribune' sent me out for the story on Emerson's accident. I—I didn't want to come—"

Beany wanted to cry out, "Don't be silly, Norb. Come in and warm yourself by the fire." But how could a girl say that

to a fellow who was really interested in her sister who didn't like him, who had declared himself the enemy of the Malones?

But Martie, who had malice toward none, could say, "Come on in, Norbett. Here, Beany, take him in to the fire and tell him about it."

Beany took him in to the fire Johnny had made in the living-room fireplace. She poured him coffee, picked out for him the cinnamon roll with the most icing; she even said shakily, "You see, Norbett, Father—I mean—none of us bears you any grudge."

Norbett gave her a strained look. "You know what I wish, Beany? I wish I'd known all of that revenge quotation before I acted on it."

"What is it?"

"Revenge is sweeter than life—so think fools. You don't know the skunky trick I did to Johnny—to all of you."

The clack of the door knocker interrupted, and Beany opened the door on a great surge of relief. Here was Faye, utterly unruffled and carefree. Why had she ever feared that she was connected with Emerson's accident?

She ushered Faye into the living room and introduced her happily. See how lovely she is. She's discovered the fountain of youth that I tried to show to you Malones. She never sticks her neck out.

Faye was saying archly. "I've heard so much about Martie Malone."

Why did Norbett brace himself tensely? Why did Kay say accusingly, "You should have come sooner."

Faye flashed her dazzling smile on Martie. "I'm frightened half to death. I've come to confess and throw myself on your mercy." Yet her smile was confident. "My car did touch the old man, but I—well, I was thinking of Kay when I drove on—and after all, he wasn't hurt badly."

But Martie wasn't smiling. "You don't seem to realize how serious this is, Mrs. Maffley."

"Oh, call me Faye—no one ever calls me Mrs. Maffley. It all happened so suddenly—really, the old man stepped right in front of my car—" She looked appealingly into the shocked faces.

"But you knew that you had hit him, Mrs. Maffley," Martie said levelly. "And yet you turned the corner and raced up College."

Faye twisted her green gloves in her hand. "I know I should have stopped, but I couldn't bear to think of the publicity—for Kay. I worried about it all night, and then I thought I'd make a clean breast of it, and trust to your leniency."

"Leniency, as you call it, isn't in my hands any longer," he answered quietly. "You'll have to report to the police. They are about to catch up with you anyway."

Beany looked across at Kay, on the window seat, holding little Martie. Beany edged close to her to whisper, "Kay, you knew all along?"

Kay answered lifelessly. "One of her lights was cracked when she passed us. I usually look at them—because she's always hitting something and breaking them."

Faye was pleading with Martie, "You mean you won't help me? That you'll let the police go ahead?"

"I'm sorry, but I couldn't help you if I wanted to, and I don't think you should be driving. You were right when you said the old man stepped in front of you. If he hadn't, you'd have hit the little boy. The next time a child runs across the street in front of you there mightn't be an old man to risk his life and save him. If my own son or daughter were accused of running away from an accident, I'd feel they deserved whatever they got."

Faye's expression became sharp and vicious. "Is that so! Well, *your son* did run away from an accident! Now maybe you won't be so high-minded about covering up *my* accident. Won't it be nice for Martie Malone's son to be caught in the same boat, after all your fine talk about reckless driving!"

Johnny stared at her in bewilderment. But Norbett cried out angrily, "Now look, Mrs. Maffley, I told you to forget that."

"Why should I?" she retorted. "I can prove that Johnny Malone was driving a car that collided with mine one night, and that he didn't even have a brake-and-light sticker."

She pulled out of her bag a battered door handle and held it up triumphantly. If it were a gun suddenly pointed at Beany's ribs, her heart couldn't have thumped any harder.

"This fell off and became wedged behind my light the night a car ran into me. When I showed it to Norbett and told him about the accident, he said right away that it was off Johnny Malone's car. Then, a few days later, he told me that Johnny's brake-and-light sticker was dated several days after the collision."

Beany heard her own voice saying, "It was Johnny's car, only he wasn't driving it. I was. But I didn't run into her. I was driving home on College, and all at once a car hit me. I didn't know whose it was because when I got out, it was gone."

She knew what the next question would be. So she admitted miserably, "I know I should have reported it. I've been sorry ever since that I didn't."

"Why didn't you, Beany?" her father asked sternly.

"Because I was ashamed—and scared—"

"But why did you take Johnny's car when it didn't have a brake-and-light sticker?"

"I had to get hold of Norbett. I wanted him to do something about that dreadful Ander editorial in the 'Tribune.' His aunt said he would be at Harkness only twenty minutes longer, so I had to drive over. I was coming home through the snow when the other car hit me."

Faye rapped out hatefully, "Of course she'd deny that it was her fault."

A star turned tinsel in Beany's heart—a star that had been so beautiful and beacon-bright. Faye is a coward, Faye is a liar.

"After all," the woman continued, "it's just her word against Kay's and mine. Kay was with me."

Beany's sick eyes groped for Kay's. But Kay was staring straight ahead. Her mother's eyes probed at her; her voice, sharp with threat, repeated, "Kay will agree with me."

Everyone waited for the girl to speak. Martie prodded, "How about it, Kay?"

(Continued on page 51)



"Do you still think I'm eating my heart out for Mary Fred? If you must know, there's someone else"

Two-Wheel Technique

by
**MARY
PARKER**



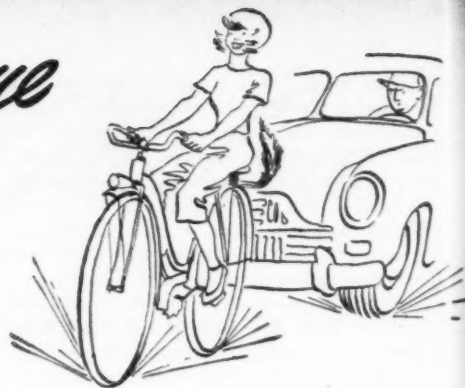
Alas for this lass, who incessantly uses
Her bicycle-built-for-one-rider for twoses.
Alas for the handle-bar percher she chooses—
He'll soon be displaying the bluest of bruises!



A bike, if you believe Miss Jones,
Can carry everything she owns.
That cracking sound amid her moans?
Could be a spoke—could be her bones!



This little lady in the dark
Decided blithely to embark
Without the slightest light or spark.
That song she hears is not a lark!



To traffic lights this babe is blind,
And when she stops she's not inclined
To signal to the car behind.
Why bother? Let them read her mind!

That means an eagle-eyed checkup at least once a week. How about the handle grips, for instance? If they are the least bit loose they should be cemented snugly in place. If they're soft or sticky or generally worn, replace them. Be certain that the saddle is adjusted to a comfortable altitude and tilt, and bolted securely in that position. Handle bars ditto. If brakes, chain, or headlight show any signs of slacking, take your machine to a bike doctor for immediate treatment. Worn pedal treads or treadless tires should be retired and replaced, and flabby tires inflated to the correct pressure. Balloon tires of a full-size bike take about 22 pounds pressure; smaller tires, 50 pounds. Check your tires twice a week and they will last longer, ride easier.

If you must ride at night or in the twilight (which is risky at best, and only for experts) both headlight and tail reflector are absolute, *sine-quanon* musts. Your headlight should be visible at a distance of 500 feet on the murkiest evening, and your taillight should catch the beam of an oncom-

(Continued on page 47)

NOBODY needs to tell you that a bicycle can send you spinning into the geometric center of the Social Whirl. It can carry you out to the picnic grounds of a spicy evening; it can whisk you downtown to your favorite flickerdrome, over to school, out to the skating rink, or just around the block for a five-minute gabfest with your fondest friend.

There's no denying it. A bike is a social asset, and probably you have known it ever since you graduated from the tricycle set. Now, of course, you consider yourself a senior cyclist. And you are—IF. If you realize that your bike is a social responsibility as well as a social asset, and that if you aren't cyclewise it can spin you into serious trouble—the kind that involves doctors and hospitals, crutches and plaster casts.

Records show that there is one bicycle for two automobiles in this country. That's a lot of whirring wheels, and an alarming number of them get tangled up with automobiles each year, oftener than not with regrettable consequences. The point to remember is this: police reports show that three times out of four it is the cyclist who is to blame for the accident. And, point two: that about ninety per cent of these accidents are caused by teen-age characters!

A word, then, to the wise—which we hope means You. Don't be the kind of cyclist who goes about in a tizzy, risking her life and limb, and those of others, just because she's too careless to master the rules of the road. Learn them, and put them into use.

They're all based on common sense—the very same kind you'll need when you come up for your auto-driving license.

The first thing that a conscientious cyclist does, of course, is to make sure that her machine is in super-slick condition.



This "sidewalk swine" is wont to say,
"Let strollers scatter where they may—
The cyclist has the right of way."
She may have rights, but so have they!

Drawings by FRED IRVIN

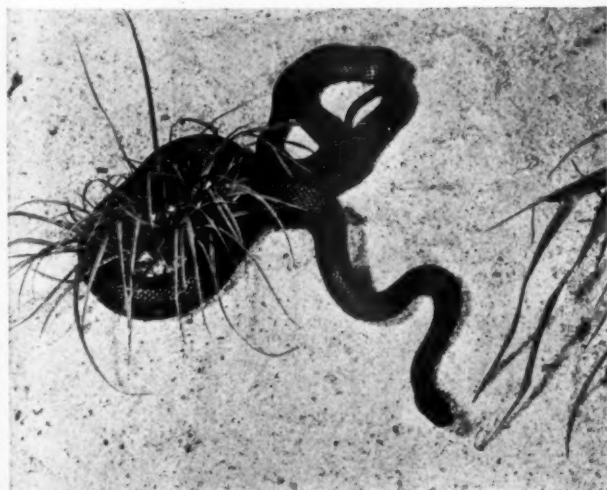
by
**LAWRENCE
McCRACKEN**

Right: Yes, those are reptiles! They're being worn by members of the Sarasota Snake Club, a group of young people who work to protect all varieties of harmless snakes

Below: Absolutely nonpoisonous, the handsome pilot black snake has a cheerful disposition, and eats destructive rats and mice. He moves slowly; likes thickets



Snakes Can Be Fun



New York Zoological Society

NOT long ago, two boys and two girls walked out on the stage of the Columbia Broadcasting Company's studio, ready to appear on the radio program, "We, The People." Suddenly the studio audience sat up straight with a start. Were their eyes deceiving them? No, those things around the young people's necks *were* snakes—alive, squirming, five feet long!

As the quartet finished telling a nation-wide audience about their unusual pets, one of the girls approached the program's master of ceremonies and said, "We want you as an honorary president of our club. Here is your membership card." She handed him "King Cole," a six-foot black snake.

Startled, but unwilling to show his concern before his seen and unseen audience, the emcee continued to talk into the microphone while the harmless snake wound itself about his arm. By the time the program was off the air he realized the snake was just friendly. His fears were gone, and the Sarasota Florida Snake Club was on its way to making another convert to the cause for which it was organized.

The objectives of this club, limited in membership to boys

and girls who are fifteen or under and own a snake, are two:

First: to learn the difference between poisonous and nonpoisonous snakes, so that some day they may be able to save their own lives or the life of a neighbor.

Second: to protect the harmless, nonpoisonous snakes, which kill rats and other pests that annually destroy \$400,000,000 in grain in the United States.

The club had its beginning, Anita Spencer, the ten year old president, told the radio audience, when a small girl in her school was bitten by a poisonous snake because she did not know it was dangerous. Her leg had to be amputated. Deciding that something should be done to help all children distinguish between dangerous and harmless snakes, eight boys and girls, encouraged by Mr. Ray Krimm of Sarasota, father of Bobby Krimm, a clubmember, organized last summer.

Requirements for membership are simple. You must be fifteen or less. You must own at least one nonpoisonous snake. You must have the written permission of your parents to belong. A snake is the admission card for each meeting.

Election of the club president is equally simple. The member with the largest snake automatically becomes president. It's not unusual for the club to have two presidents within a week, as swapping is lively during and after meetings. Incidentally, a fair trade is two three-foot snakes for one five-footer.

There is such a thing as proper form about this business of having snake pets, members learn. For instance, members pledge themselves not to keep their pets in the house; not to display them while walking on public streets (it's all right to carry small snakes under your hat, tightly pulled down so they may not be seen); not to hunt snakes in certain parts of the country, for that's inviting trouble; never to kill a harmless nonpoisonous snake; and to learn at least fifty facts about snakes. As the reputation of all snakes suffer because a few are poisonous, let's get a few facts from clubmembers about these bad actors.

First: Any member of the Sarasota Club can tell us there are about 130 species of snakes in the United States, but only 21 kinds are poisonous. Of the latter, 16 are different types of rattlesnakes—pygmy, sidewinder, timber, and so on. In about two thirds of the country, the only poisonous snake is the rattler.

Although a snake census would be a bit difficult to take, there

(Continued on page 54)

Pretty as a Picture



4973

These patterns, especially designed for readers of this magazine, may be purchased from The American Girl, Pattern Dept., 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17. When ordering, enclose 25c for each pattern (sorry, no C.O.D.'s) and state size. We pay postage. For handy, clip-out order blank, turn to page 31.



4628



4693



4973: Full, whirling petticoat with eyelet ruffle or gay scallops. Waist sizes 24-32. Size 26 with eyelet ruffle requires 2 yards of 35-inch fabric and 4 yards of eyelet

4628: Perfect for graduation, this dress can be made in daytime or ballet length. A pattern for gloves is included. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric

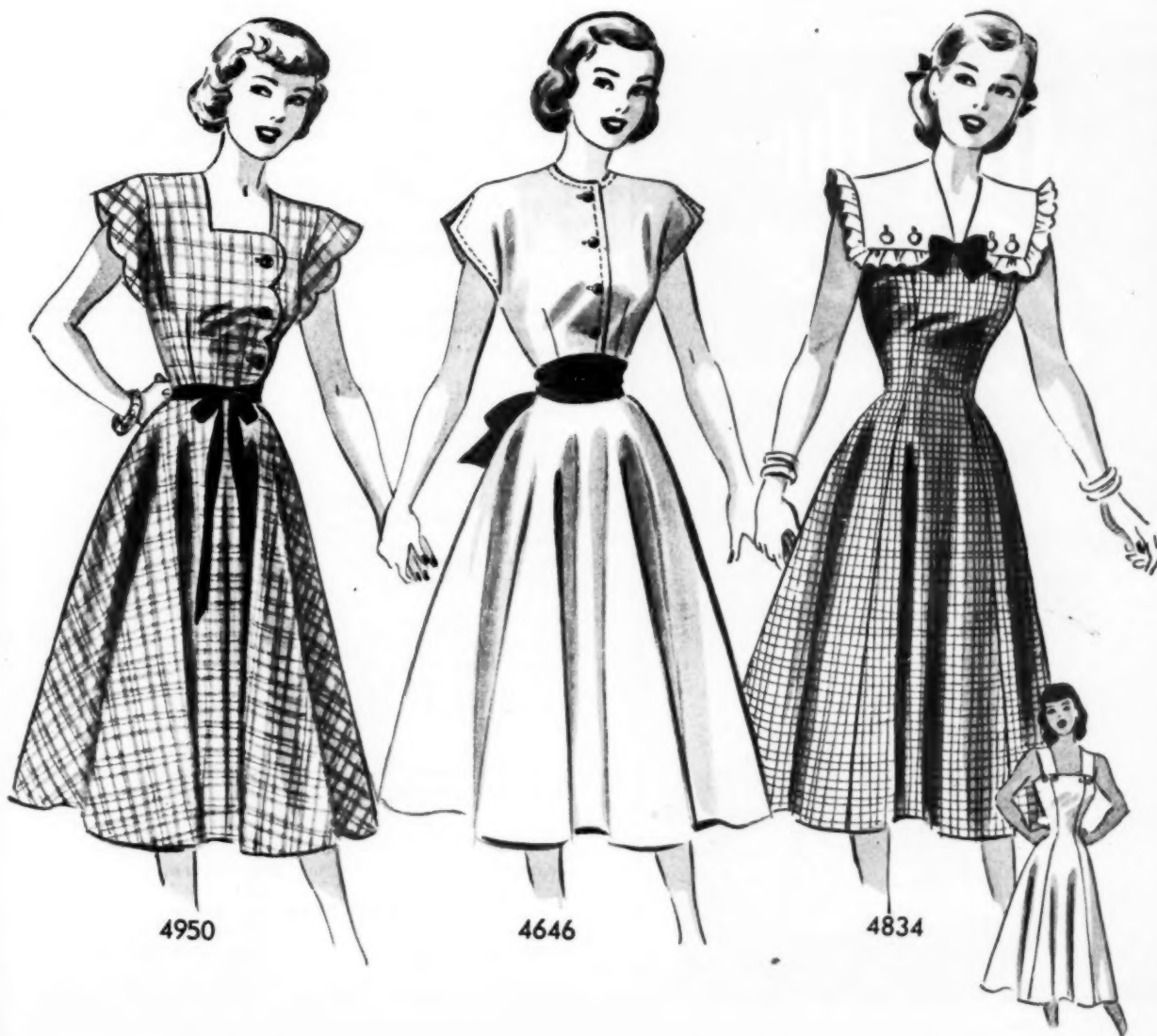
4693: This two-piece dress is another answer to the graduation problem. Sizes 11-17. Size 13 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch material for short length, 6 yards 39-inch for long

4950: Cool and dainty for summer, with square neck and scallops finishing sleeves and blouse closing. Teen sizes 10-16. In size 12 you'll need 4 yards of 35-inch material

4646: The flared skirt is cut in one piece for easy sewing, and the cummerbund belt is new and smart. Sizes 11-17. In size 13, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material are required

4834: This sun dress with princess lines has a frilly, button-on collar for more formal wear. Teen sizes 10-16. For size 12, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 35-inch fabric; $\frac{7}{8}$ yard contrast

Each pattern 25c



4950

4646

4834

A serve-yourself sandwich tray should cater to every taste!

Photographs courtesy of Best Foods, Inc.



After the Dance

by FLORENCE BROBECK



In a barbecue apron, one guest broils the cheese-and-ham pies

WHEN the crowd comes to your house to dance to new records this month, keep the refreshments simple, but make sure you have enough to eat, so that the boys' appetites really are satisfied.

One easy solution is the sandwich-and-cold-drink tray. Or if the evening is cool, prepare one easy, oven-quick dish. Serve lunch-counter style—everybody helps himself—no set table, no heavy dishwashing afterward.

If you decide on the serve-yourself sandwich tray, you can make everything ready the afternoon of your party. Choose a large tray for the sandwich service, and be sure it is shining clean. Put gaily printed paper napkins, matching paper plates, and small wooden spoons or spreaders on the tray, so that each guest can be his own sandwich artist.

Buy two or more kinds of fresh bread. White, rye, whole wheat, cheese, and cracked wheat are popular. White and one of the others is pretty sure to please the taste of everybody. Allow at least four slices (two full-size sandwiches) for each person.

Let your margarine or butter stand at room temperature an hour or two to soften, then beat or cream it with a spoon for easy spreading. Slice the bread about $\frac{3}{8}$ " thick, or buy sliced bread. Spread each slice smoothly; put the slices back together in loaf form, wrap the loaf carefully in waxed paper, then in a damp, clean towel, and place in the refrigerator until serving time.

Now mix the sandwich spreads. Have at least two bowls for the tray, one containing cheese mixture, the other peanut butter, meat, or fish mixture. Here are recipes loudly approved when they were brought out at the end of a recent record party. Every scrap was eaten, down to the last crumb. The boys said, "These are *right* sandwiches!"

Each of these recipes makes about 2 cups of filling—enough to spread 16 to 18 sandwiches generously. After mixing, the spreads may be piled into covered bowls or waxed containers and kept in the refrigerator until serving time.

TUNA TREAT

3 hard-cooked eggs
1 (8 oz.) can tuna fish
 $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt

4 tablespoons chopped bread-and-butter pickles
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup real mayonnaise

Bread-and-butter pickles are sold by that name in all grocery stores. Drain them and then chop fine. Chop the peeled, cooled eggs. Drain the tuna fish, flake it with a fork, then mash fine. Mix all ingredients well.

SNAPPY BOLOGNA

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups chopped bologna
2 sticks celery
1 teaspoon minced onion
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup real mayonnaise

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed horse-radish

6 stuffed olives

If you cannot get bologna, use canned luncheon meat; about $\frac{1}{2}$ pound makes $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups when chopped. Wash the celery, cut off leafy tops, and chop fine; mince the onion, chop the olives fine; then mix all the ingredients thoroughly.

LIVERWURST AND PICKLE

$\frac{3}{4}$ pound liverwurst
 $\frac{3}{8}$ cup real mayonnaise

2 teaspoons minced onion or chives

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pickle relish

Peel the skin wrapping from the liverwurst and mash the meat with a fork. Stir the other ingredients into it and mix well.

PEANUT BUTTER AND BACON

4 strips bacon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup peanut butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup vitaminized margarine

Let the margarine stand at room temperature an hour or longer.

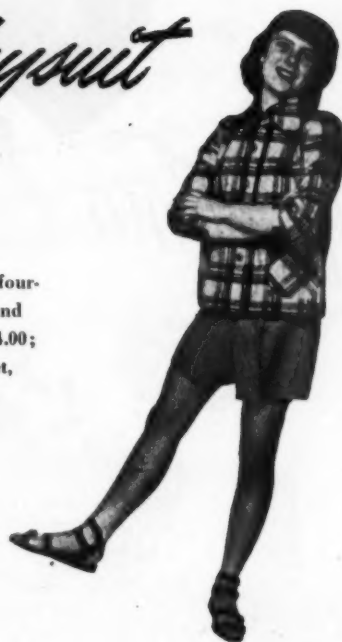
(Continued on page 35)

for warm sunny days:

Pick a Pretty Playsuit



Mix 'n match Nancy Wheeling's four-piece playsuit of butcher linen and plaid gingham. Blouse, about \$4.00; pedal pushers, about \$5.50; jacket, about \$6.00; shorts, about \$4.00. All in young-teen sizes 10-14



By June Beekelman

Drawings by Marion Berran

Photographs by William Benedict



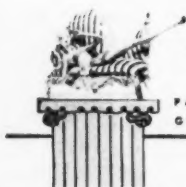
Wear this softly ruffled chambray playsuit for sun-bathing. Add the matching skirt for a dash next door or a square dance. Playsuit and skirt, about \$6.00 each. By Touraine, teen sizes 10-16



Both playsuits may be bought at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta; Hudson's, Detroit; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia



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B. short			
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Declaration of Independence

(Continued from page 11)

and goes too far off on a shoulder every now and then. But we couldn't complain, because after all, she was very nice to us.

We are going to the game in about an hour. I have never been so thrilled. I wish you were here. It wouldn't seem so much to you, I guess, because you have been to the Rose Bowl. But it is something to me, I can tell you!

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

The game was terribly exciting. I yelled till I was hoarse. Macgilley beat, 13 to 6. Bill is the captain of the Macgilley team, and you never heard such cheers as he got. He made some spectacular plays.

The boys sent us huge chrysanthemums, tied with ribbons, and we sat in a box with some friends of Mrs. Burns. I felt stylish no end. You should be here, Janie. There are dozens of cute boys. Several are better looking than Bill, because he is freckled and has red hair, but he has loads of personality, twinkling blue eyes, and a broad grin. One of his front teeth is chipped off where he got hurt scrimmaging, but it doesn't detract. He is not the least stuck-up about being the captain and getting all the cheers. Most people would be. I know I would.

I am nearly ready for the dance. I had to get my hair set, so I'm writing to you while it dries. I am hoping for a good rush, not so much on my merits as because I am Bill's date. Maralyn says the team will do the right thing by both of us.

My dress is rust-colored chiffon, and I have some gold slippers and a gold ribbon for my hair. Maralyn's dress is adorabul pale-blue lace ruffles all over. My hands are as cold as ice just thinking about the dance. Because what if I get stuck? There are millions of girls here for the dance, and many are older and more sophisticated than I am. Bill will be sorry he asked me, if I am on his hands all evening. That would be dire, because if Roddy never asks me for another date, I will really be needing some invitations from Bill. Oh, well, I am not going to worry about it.

Your ever loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

The dance was wonderful. I didn't get stuck after all. In fact I had a glorious rush, and so did Maralyn.

The gym was decorated to look like a county fair, with red-and-white striped awnings fixed to look like booths around the walls. You could get popcorn, peanuts, ice cream, and cold drinks, free. For decorations they had real pumpkins and ears of yellow corn, tobacco on the stalks, and baskets of vegetables. The orchestra had on blue jeans and checked shirts. The favors were balloons on long sticks.

We got home last night, and right after Elsie called me. She said she wanted to remind me of our club meeting tomorrow. But what she really wanted to tell me was that Roddy dated Kitty Friday and Saturday nights, was at church with her today, and has now gone to take her home.

"Smile, slaves—snaps are coming up!"

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I just said all the boys think Kitty is wonderful, so she must be. But to you I can admit I feel slitley forlorn, because it is the first Sunday night in ages I haven't had a date with Roddy. I will see him at school tomorrow, I guess.

Your nice, darling letter was here when I got home. I am glad you are having such fun.

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Dry ice is no colder than Roddy. I met him in the hall this morning and he went by me like a comet, with hardly a good morning. If that is how he feels, I certainly won't run after him. Because I am not the clinging-vine type. But still I will miss him for a while, like you miss a tooth that has been pulled. You notice the hole more than you notice the good teeth you have left.

So much for Roddy. I have an algebra test coming up and I have to cram for it. I am not very good at figures. I like history and biology and English better. But I mean to pass this test or die trying. Beaus may come and beaus may go, but tests go on forever.

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

You know the old saying, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel"? Well, I'd walk a mile for a date. I haven't been skating or to a picture show or anywhere else in three weeks. I am really the moss-covered one. The only thing that keeps me entertained are your letters. They are so funny and cute.

I got B-plus on my algebra test, which was better than I hoped. Not having dates really gives you more time to study. Not that I would care to live the life of a hermit just to get good grades.

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

Guess what! Bill Burns called me long distance tonight. He is coming home this week end, and bringing Phil and another boy. Phil has some dates with Maralyn, and Bill wants some with me. We are working on dates for the other boy. It is the ideal week end for them to come, because there is a basketball game Friday night and before it Maralyn's mother is giving us a buffet supper.

Saturday night Lucy Ellen and Harry are going to give us a fish fry at their camp on the river. Harry's cousin is coming. I have never met him. He is from Montgomery, Alabama, but he is going to school in Nashville this winter. So it looks like I am going to get back into circulation again at last. It has taught me a lesson. Never go with just one boy. Better to go with several, even if some of them are rather nubs.

I knitted myself a new sweater while I was in retirement. It is darling. I am so glad I have it to wear to the game.

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

The boys came. Bill's friend is named Sammy Kassel. We call him Sammy Kay. He is rather young for his age and could do with some reducing, but otherwise okay.

After supper and the game, we came over to my house and danced in our playroom.



OUR MAY COVER

This month we have two Cover Girls modeling Touraine's colorful mix-n-match play outfit. Rosemary Dunne, wearing the ruffled camisole and full swing skirt, lives in Glen Cove, Long Island. She works as a bookkeeper-stenographer in addition to her modeling career, and spends her spare time bowling, swimming, and riding horseback. Rosemary's camisole, laced up the front, is about \$4.00 and her skirt, which is black with contrasting bands of color, is about \$8.00.

Dolores Parker, who began modeling when she was two, wears a tiny flare-back jacket, and brief reversible shorts laced up the side, about \$6.00 each. Dolores has always lived in Brooklyn and is an ardent baseball fan.

The four-piece outfit, of Bates' poplin, comes in black with turquoise, yellow, and melon; all in teen sizes 10-16. You can buy it at

Auerbach's, Salt Lake City, Utah
Baker Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bloomingdale's, New York
Boston Store, Milwaukee, Wis.
Buffum's, Long Beach, Cal.
Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga.
Famous-Barr, St. Louis, Mo.
Filene's, Boston, Mass.
Foley Bros., Houston, Texas
S. H. Holmes, New Orleans, La.
Loefer's, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Sanger Bros., Dallas, Texas
Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our May Fashion Shows, featuring the fashions in this issue, will be held at Davison-Paxon, Atlanta, Ga. and F. Stern, Newburgh, N. Y. If you live near these stores, be sure and write directly to them for tickets.

There were about a dozen boys, including Roddy. Also about a dozen girls. We had a good time and when Roddy danced with me I acted as if nothing had ever happened, and so did he. I guess he is over his mad.

I am looking forward to the party at Lucy Ellen's tomorrow night. Bill and I, Phil and Maralyn, Sammy and Dolly are going in the afternoon to help catch the fish for supper. If we fail, Lucy Ellen is going to have steaks.

Harry's cousin is coming today. Lucy Ellen likes him a lot and she is a good judge. Roddy is invited to the fish fry and a lot of other boys and girls. It is really noble of Lucy Ellen and Harry to do it, because Mother had to go to a church con-

(Continued on page 32)



If the Freedom Train has not already visited your town, be sure to see it when it comes. It bears the documents of our American Heritage.

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Please send me _____ prs. ballet slippers

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TEEN SHOP talk

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Younger sister is sure to be pleased with a "King of the Jungle" bracelet. It's silver-plated with a dangling caged-lion charm. Just send \$1.50 to R. R. Hays, 40 East 23rd St., New York City 10. Federal tax is included

Give cousin a miniature doo knocker to pin on her lapel. You can have it engraved with her given name or initials. Gold or silver plated, \$2.95, Federal tax included, at Art Colony Industries, 69 Fifth Ave., New York City 3

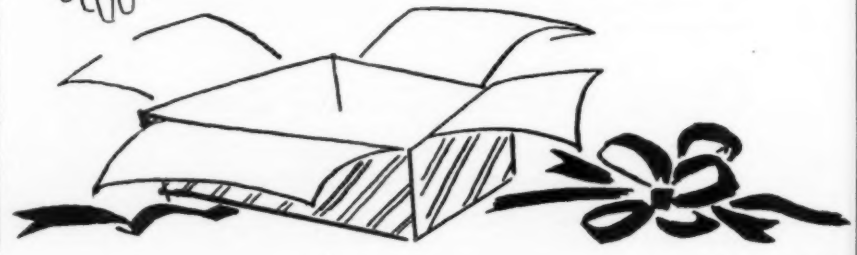


For your favorite beau's graduation—a handsome gold-plated tie clip with small automatic pencil attached. You can buy it for \$1.50 plus 20% tax at Parker & Battersby, 46 West 50th St., New York City 20

Recognize the typical teen scene on Rex-Teen's "Walkie Talkie" compact? It's 3 1/2 inches round, of gold tone metal, and about \$2.00 at Saks 34th St., New York City



LISE WEIL





by **JONNI BURKE**

Drawings by **LISL WEIL**

Fun for little brother or sister—Burpee's Color-in Garden. They'll plant the seeds, and color in the sketches while the real flowers grow. Only 50c for the folder and seven full-sized packets of seeds at W. Atlee Burpee Co., Philadelphia

Father's Day is creeping up and if Dad smokes a pipe, he'll be delighted with this novel automatic pencil combined with bowl scraper, tobacco presser, and stem cleaner. \$2.00 at M. C. Flynn, 43 East 59th St., New York City 22



Any gal who loves to snip and paste will welcome this gaily covered scrapbook. Write for No. XII-595, 75c, at the Girl Scout National Equipment Service, 155 East 44th St., New York City 17

This unique Victorian boudoir mirror makes a charming gift for your very best friend. It can be had in either antiqued white or antiqued gold finish frame. \$3.00 at Berne-Marling, 181 Martine Ave., White Plains, New York



Please order items from stores and mention *The American Girl*

talk



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Here's America's outstanding Electric Clock value! This new ornamental clock with its colorful Swiss design will add charm and beauty to any room. Quaint styling of famed Swiss Craftsmen is faithfully simulated in this beautiful Swiss Chalet replica, from the rustic colored shingles to the latticed windows, mounted deer's head, native bird and the quaint peasant clothes of the boy and girl. Can either hang on wall or stand on table. Measures 6 1/4 inches high.

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PATTERNS**



Check pattern number and size and enclose 25c (in coin) for each pattern.

FEATURED ON PAGES 22 and 23

- ☐ **4973—Ruffled petticoat**
Sizes ☐ 24 ☐ 26 ☐ 28 ☐ 30 ☐ 32
- ☐ **4628—Dress with Glove Pattern**
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **4693—Two-Piece Jacket Dress**
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **4950—Dress with Scallop Trim**
Sizes ☐ 10 ☐ 12 ☐ 14 ☐ 16
- ☐ **4646—Dress with Cummerbund**
Sizes ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15 ☐ 17
- ☐ **4834—Dress with Button-On Collar**
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The style, coquetry

the fabric, crisp

the colors, contrasting

the quality, constant

the source, of course

#Touraine#

520—8 Ave., New York 18

Declaration of Independence

(Continued from page 28)

vention this week end, and I couldn't have had a party at home. I think I will knit Lucy Ellen a sweater, or else knit Harry some socks, to show my gratitude.

Your loving friend,
P. Downing

Dear Janie:

I think I will knit *two* pairs of socks for Harry and also a sweater for Lucy Ellen. Because we had the best time in the world last night at their camp.

We caught plenty of fish. Maralyn and I set the table and made slaw, while Lucy Ellen fried the fish, Dolly made corn dodgers, and Harry made gallons of coffee. It was all delicious and the boys ate like wolves. Afterward we sang hill-billy songs and played on combs, and Harry's cousin did his imitations.

Later he asked me for a date next week, to take me to a Vanderbilt game. But best of all, Roddy asked me for a date Friday night. So I think I am catching on how to manage men. Harry told me privately that I acted very nonchalant. I don't know if I will ever be a powerhouse like Lucy Ellen was, but at least I think I am learning a little finesse.

Your ever loving friend,
P. Downing
THE END

Ladies and Gentlemen

(Continued from page 15)

taneous when the big day comes. Also there's less danger of stopping dead suddenly, without a clue.

As you rehearse, avoid clearing your throat and mumbling "mm" or "and-uh" as you consider what you're going to say next. Practice in a room as nearly as possible the size of the one in which you're to speak, and be sure to talk to the back wall.

Speak slowly and distinctly, and practice your speech in as low a key as you can manage easily. A low-pitched voice is much easier to listen to than a high, nasal tone. Consult the speech correctionist or the dramatics teacher at school about other suggestions for using your voice correctly and to best advantage.

As you practice, stand erect, with one foot slightly ahead of the other, resisting the temptation to fidget or slump. But don't be afraid to move about, or to use gestures if they come naturally. Glance around the room rather than focusing your attention on one spot, and avoid looking strained or over-serious. Practice in front of a mirror will help greatly in this business of how to stand and how to look.

Since you don't know whether or not you'll have a table to stand behind, it's well to learn to get along without this prop. Use one or both hands to hold the speech cards, if you still need them, but avoid nervous shuffling, or clutching them as if they formed a life line.

After you've rehearsed by yourself a few

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It's got EYE appeal and YOU appeal—this SO cute blouse with your name HAND-PAINTED in prettiest shades of Red, Green and Blue! Choose your name in one color or all three. They're WASHABLE . . . are such COLORFUL contrast with the snowy white French rayon crepe . . . which washes beautifully too! Perkily full cap sleeves. Finished Jewel neckline. Waistline darts for figure-flattering fit! Sizes 12 to 18 and 32 to 38.

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times, ask a good friend to listen. She can tell whether you need to speed up or slow down the delivery of the speech, and she'll know if you're using sufficient volume and are sending your voice into the corners of the room. Ask her, also, to check on your posture and facial expression. Rehearsing in front of another person is excellent preparation for the real event.

What to wear for speaking in public is always an important topic. Of course the occasion itself determines how dressed-up you should be. Except for a formal evening affair, your most becoming day dress or suit will always be appropriate. It isn't necessary to have a new outfit; in fact, many people consider that it's more satisfactory to appear in a dress in which you feel at home. Plain colors are considered less distracting to the audience than figured materials.

Avoid being decked out like a Christmas tree. Ribbons, dangling jewelry, overfancy belts all can combine to give a much less glamorous effect than their wearer suspects. If the audience is overconcerned with the view, they won't even hear the speech. See that your skirt hangs evenly all around, that your stocking seams aren't twisted. Take a squint at your shoes, too, and polish up those scuffed places. A speaker's shoes are quite noticeable.

No need to tell you, we hope, to see that your hair is at its freshly shampooed, much-brushed loveliest. Arrange it to frame your face becomingly. This is no time to try out a new hairdo. If you use make-up, be sure that it's on smoothly and artistically. Just a gentle touch will do, for it isn't as though you were starring in a three-act stage drama.

Take a last look in a full-length mirror to see that you're as attractive as possible; adjust all straps, belts, buttons, garters securely and comfortably—then forget about your looks.

Now the time has come. It's your turn, and the chairman has called your name! Go to the center of the stage, the front of the room, or merely rise in your place, depending on the occasion. There's no need for hurry, and do take a second to have a good look around the audience before you begin.

As soon as you have your bearings and are sure you are "standing tall, tummy in," acknowledge your introduction with "Thank you, Mr. Chairman" (or his name) and address the group. In the campaign speech this means saying, "Mr.—— (the principal), faculty members, and fellow students." To a group of men and women, it's "Ladies and gentlemen." Once in a while one lone man or boy will appear in an otherwise feminine gathering, but you can acknowledge his presence with "Ladies and gentleman," which no doubt will provoke a laugh and let everyone relax.

The audience will like you better if they feel you're a friendly person. So don't forget to smile once in a while, and of course when you get a laugh, wait for it before going on with what you're to say next. Although you can often anticipate a laugh, there may be times when you don't expect to be amusing. Never let this throw you off your course. Laugh, too, if you feel like it, and go on speaking again when the room has quieted down.

Incidentally, if you make a mistake, do what seems easiest. If possible, just correct yourself, without getting flustered, and go on. It happens to the best. You can say, "No, that isn't quite what I mean," or "Guess

(Continued on page 35)

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Amazing Value!
5.98

SUNBACK DRESS with Matching BOLERO

YES...ONLY \$5.98 COMPLETE for your swing-skirted BOLERO BELLE. Wear it 2 ways—with the jaunty bolero jacket for street wear or dating; without, for sports or around the house. In Beautiflex—nearest approach in cotton to natural Irish linen, combined with fine, expensive Dan River gingham. Guaranteed colorfast.

EXCLUSIVE—you can't buy this beautiful dress anywhere in the world except from Florida Fashions. Even if you've never ordered by mail before, this is one time you should.

COLORS: Maize, Aqua, Copen, Pink and Gray. Each color has its own lovely plaid, carefully matched.

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Circle size: 9 11 13 15 17

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City & State.....



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For ages 2 to 5 order 'Junior' MAIDETTS
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Send me—Mrs. California "ZOMB-EE'S" at \$1.98
☐ White ☐ Black ☐ Multi-Color ☐ Sizes
☐ Cash enclosed at \$1.98 per pair. Sent prepaid.
C.O.D. I'll pay postman, plus postage.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....



Well-Traveled

GREAT MALVERN, ENGLAND: Two years ago my brother, sister, and I started a rather exciting new life and all through it I have loved *THE AMERICAN GIRL* which has faithfully followed me wherever I've been. When we went to Cairo in August 1946, my sister, who was just nine, and I used to read it from cover to cover, then pass it along to the rest of the American girls who lived near us. We went to The Cairo School for American Children (commonly known as The C.S.A.C.) and in the afternoons at the swimming pool, when we were tired of diving, I would produce *THE AMERICAN GIRL* which would be read by Egyptian, French, English, and Turkish boys and girls with intense interest.

Last August our whole family of five drove two thousand miles from Cairo through the desert, via Bengasi and Tripoli, to Tunis. We took a month, occasionally camping out, but traveling hard for a few days then resting a week—first at Derna, where I got a lot of riding, then Tripoli, and Tunis, where we stayed for ten days soaking up sun before our ship left for Marseilles.

Now I am at boarding school in England—the home of my father. The recently finished holidays were a dream of riding, hunting, horses, relatives, dances, and cousins to take me to them! I have not found that English girls are so very different from Americans—and I ought to know, as I am American and was brought up in lovely New England.

Your February cover is simply lovely. I congratulate you on your taste. Why do you have it so much off-center, though?

Thank you not only for a good magazine, but for a true reflection of the America I love, and hope to come back to as soon as ever possible.

BARBARA SYKES

Earned Subscriptions

KNOXVILLE, IOWA: Our troop (troop 8 of Knoxville) thought we would write to tell you that we enjoy your magazine very much. There are eleven of us in our troop and we all have subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Most of us earned our subscriptions through the Quaint Shop Plan.

Every one in our troop at Christmastime brought a gift to Scouts to send to convalescent children at the University Hospital of the State of Iowa. We also broadcasted over a public-address system at Knoxville.

ROSA LEE ECKARDT

SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT: I was introduced to your wonderful magazine two years ago by winning a year's subscription

for selling Christmas cards for my Girl Scout troop. I enjoyed your magazine so much that when my subscription was up I renewed it.

I agree with Terrill Schukraft about having little tricky things and new fads to make ourselves. How about patterns for some of those new slips?

I think your new cooking series is super. I think all your serials are swell. I especially liked *An Anchor For Her Heart*. I also like *Beany Malone*. I love all your articles and all your fashions.

Thanks for a swell magazine.

FRANCINE LERMOUNT

Money-Raising

GLEN ELLYN, ILLINOIS: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for five months. It is the most wonderful girl's magazine I have ever seen and I hope to keep on taking it for years.

The club I am in was having blues over our empty piggy bank until my February issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* arrived with *Ten For The Money*. We now have so many money-raising schemes we don't know where to start first.

JUDY ROYER

Sinterklaasday

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS: I have taken your magazine for almost two years. I find the stories very interesting. I love *Beany Malone* and think it is far better than *Shoestring Theater*. I think the fashions are super, and the tips such as *Five Ways With A Suit* in the March issue very helpful indeed. I like *A Penny For Your Thoughts* very much, and thought the letter from Jo Pet about Sinterklaasday most enjoyable.

ISABEL LONG

Life Abroad

SPRINGER, NEW MEXICO: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for a year and I have enjoyed every issue. There are so many beauty tips and dress patterns in your magazine. I especially enjoy the patterns because I sew a great deal.

It is very interesting to know that people from so many different countries read *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It is a nice way to let these people know how we live and for us to learn how they live. It would be nice to print a story written by someone, say, in Holland. It would be a change from American stories and also give us an idea of their ways of living.

BERTHA MAE BURNETTE

German Reader

SIEGEN, BRITISH ZONE, GERMANY: I just had to write a letter to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to

tell you what a wonderful magazine it is. I had the chance to borrow some issues in an American library and I was very fond of reading them. There are such a lot of nice articles and fiction. I can't say which of them I like best, but above all I love your fashions. I am very interested in this branch as I hope to become a successful dress designer later on. There is only one thing I don't like: the longer skirts. And now the reasons: firstly, especially for us here in Germany it is a great difficulty to get the same or right material to prolong our skirts or even to make new ones. Secondly, I simply like better the short fashion. But nevertheless I got many good hints in your fashion show.

I really like the articles on Girl Scouts' life. In Germany we have Girl Scouts too, but there are not so many as there are in U.S.A.

I am seventeen and in the seventh grade of high school. I think I have to explain what this means, for we have a different school system in Germany. We use to go to elementary school for four years, till we are ten, and then for nine years to high school. After we have passed the leaving examination—which I will do after two years—we at once can begin to study at the university. I think you can imagine now.

I wonder when you will receive my letter, for it has to travel a long way. I will finish my letter in telling you that I really envy the American girls for their wonderful magazine *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

GABRIELE BECKER

About March

KENMORE, NEW YORK: I received my March *AMERICAN GIRL* and read it right away. I was a little disappointed that you didn't have any horse stories or articles. Also dogs. But it's a wonderful magazine. *Beany Malone* is a perfect story and the fashions—WOW!

After I read my magazine I send it to a girl in Australia and she has told me how she likes it. She thinks it is swell, too.

ELIZABETH BLAKEMORE

BERKLEY, MICHIGAN: I think *Beany Malone* and *Penny For Your Thoughts* are very good and I like your dress styles very well. I didn't know what I was going to get for an Easter suit until I got my March issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and now I have decided on my suit.

JOAN REYNOLDS

Please address your letters to *The American Girl*, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N. Y.
THE END

May, 1948

Ladies and Gentlemen

(Continued from page 33)

I got a little mixed," The audience will understand.

Remember, no matter what kind of speech you're giving, once you learn to forget yourself and to think of the audience, you'll have those prespeech bogies licked. Careful planning of the speech, with plenty of rehearsals, also do their bit. Then take pains with your appearance, and you should have clear sailing. So draw a final, deep breath, and—good luck!

THE END

After the Dance

(Continued from page 24)

Heat a frying pan and cook the bacon, turning frequently, until crisp. As the bacon cooks, pour off the fat into your saved-fat can.

Chop the bacon fine. Wash the celery, and chop very fine; then mix all the ingredients well.

CHEESE RAVE

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------------|
| 4 spring onions | ¼ teaspoon pepper |
| 8 small red radishes | 6 tablespoons real mayonnaise |
| 3 sticks celery | ¾ pound creamy cottage cheese |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | |

Wash the onions, cut off the green tops, and chop the white part very fine. Wash the radishes, cut off green tops and any tail. Do not peel, but chop very fine. Wash the celery, cut off leafy tops, and chop very fine. Mix all ingredients thoroughly.

TASTY CHEESE

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| ¾ cup margarine | 1 teaspoon worcestershire sauce |
| 2 cups grated American cheese (buy ½ pound) | 1 teaspoon mixed mustard |
| 1 teaspoon minced onion | 1 teaspoon mixed horse-radish |

Let the margarine stand at room temperature an hour or longer, to soften. Then mix with the other ingredients.

If your refreshments consist of one hot dish (instead of sandwiches) and drinks, you and your guests will like easy-to-make cheese-and-ham "pies." Each is topped with tomato sauce, which adds tang and 'good looks. You can make the sauce and arrange the pies in the afternoon, before partytime.

CHEESE-AND-HAM PIES

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------|
| 6 hamburger buns | 12 slices boiled ham |
| 12 slices American cheese | |

Light the broiler. Slice the buns in halves and place them, cut side up, on a cooky sheet or other large pan. Set the pan under the broiler heat to toast the buns lightly. When they are toasted, remove from the broiler and turn off the heat, but do not take the buns off the pan.

Trim the ham slices round, to fit the buns. Lay a slice of ham on each half bun, and put a slice of cheese on top of the ham. Cover the pan with waxed paper and put aside in a cool part of the kitchen—but not in the refrigerator—until serving time.

(Continued on page 37)

The American Girl

Spring Sweetheart

It's saucy as a whistle at your window! Gay as a Spring dance! It's a captivating, 2-piece suit-dress that makes your waist slender and huggable . . . that flatters and caresses your hips with a flared peplum . . . that does outrageously wonderful things to your legs with a billowing four-gore skirt. Eye-catching, beau-catching details, too, in the pert-as-a-wink Peter-Pan collar and bow . . . the pearl-tone buttons in military lines . . . the rows of contrasting embroidery at the collar, peplum and skirt. In soft-to-feel, rich-to-see superb rayon.

WORTH \$15
OR MORE



In gorgeous colors:

- Black
- Rose
- Aqua
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WITH A DREAM DISH OF YOUR OWN!

Date and Nut Roll

Just chill and serve!

- ½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 2 cups (½ lb.) vanilla wafer crumbs
- 1 cup chopped dates
- ½ cup chopped nut meats
- Confectioners' sugar

1. Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice.
2. Add vanilla wafer crumbs, and mix well.
3. In a separate bowl, mix dates and nut meats.
4. Place large piece of waxed paper on table top or kitchen counter. Sprinkle paper with confectioners' sugar.
5. Place crumb mixture on sugared paper. Pat or roll mixture into 8 by 10-inch rectangle.
6. Spread date mixture evenly on this rectangle.
7. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in clean waxed paper.
8. Chill in refrigerator 6 to 8 hours.
9. Cut in slices and garnish with hard sauce or whipped cream. (Makes 8 generous servings.)

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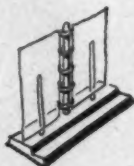
It's New!

by Lawrence N. Galton



Cutouts On Your Wall: For rumpus room, den, or bedroom, a gaily colored, jumbo menagerie of elephants, camels, zebras, and giraffes makes an intriguing new wall decoration. Approximately 25 inches wide and 23 inches high, with all the charm of fairy-tale characters, the cutout animals are easy to apply to the wall or any smooth surface. Just dip in water to wet the special glue on the back, press firmly on the wall, and that's all. Colors are water-resistant and may be washed.

Tri-Coin Bank: With this unique Calendar Savings Bank, you save something every day. You have to—to keep the calendar up-to-date. A nickel, dime, or quarter changes the calendar to the next day; a quarter in a special slot changes the month; a special "conscience slot" holds extra deposits and folding money. It's good-looking in its gleaming ivory plastic case with design embossed in gold, and has a pickproof lock.



Streamlined Album: Here's a new kind of double-duty picture album. Holding ten "5x7" pictures upright, it can be an album or a double picture-frame. You change the pictures with a flip of the wrist to suit the mood you're in. Finished in sparkling walnut, blond maple, or mahogany, the stand has three back-rods; a ring-set which fits into grooves in the center back-rod; and five clear plastic margin-less envelopes into which you slip your favorite photos.

Dry & Crisp: A new, modern way to keep cookies, cereals, and other dry foods crisp and tasty is a brand-new chemical. Just a few drops sprinkled on the bottom of the jar, and the job's done. The chemical is said to be completely harmless, imparting no taste or odor, and can be re-used indefinitely. The chemical helps keep sa free-running in damp weather, and it's said, too, to protect stored furs and household goods from mold.



Bentubes: Smart and convenient, these straws, which are bent for natural ease and comfort in drinking. You don't have to tip the glass or bend over to drink; in fact, you can even drink while lying in bed or on the beach or lawn. They don't chip, break, or crack, and can be used over and over—although they're inexpensive enough to be discarded after use if desired.

Car Coin-Holder: This ingenious auto gadget will end that frantic fumbling in pockets for coins quickly needed when driving up to tollgates or parking meters. It's a metal semicylinder with compressed spring. Attached to windshield or dashboard with a rubber suction cup, its coiled springs keep nickels, pennies, dimes, quarters, or other money right where you can reach them easily. Useful, too, as a kitchen accessory for newspaper and delivery "tip" coins.



Beauty for Your Rug: Here at last is an easy, effective beauty treatment for your rug or carpet. Just sprinkle on this new odorless powder; then spread it lightly with broom or brush and let it stand for two hours. Use a vacuum cleaner to remove the powder instantly, and the results will astonish you. Not only will your rug look clean and new, but the powder destroys any moth larvae on the rug surface.

Punch Needle: If you're a rug-hooking enthusiast, here's good news. It's a unique new punch needle requiring only one-hand operation. Just twist a small screw in the handle of this inexpensive gadget and the needle adjusts so it makes the length of pile you prefer. Then, as you punch along, an ingenious spring holds each loop down while you work, thus making it unnecessary to keep fumbling under your burlap to see whether the loops are even. If you haven't done rug-hooking before, you may want to try it now. If you have, this will speed production.



If you are interested in any of the products described in this column—send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to "It's New" Editor, The American Girl, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y., for where-to-buy or price information. No inquiries can be answered unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

After the Dance

(Continued from page 35)

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups canned tomatoes	2 1/2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons vitaminized margarine	1/2 (6 oz.) can tomato paste
2 tablespoons chopped onion	1 teaspoon salt
	1/2 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Mash the canned tomatoes; drain off most of the juice, but don't throw it away—keep it chilled for tomorrow's lunch.

Melt the margarine in a saucepan, stir in the onion, and cook 3 minutes, or until the onion is clear and beginning to brown. Stir in the flour smoothly. Then stir in the 2 cups of mashed tomatoes and the tomato paste, and let simmer 20 to 30 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove from the heat.

At serving time light the broiler again. Stir the tomato sauce, add a generous spoonful to the top of the cheese-and-ham pies. Set the pan of pies under the broiler heat until the cheese is melted, 5 to 8 minutes. You might give one of the boys a barbecue apron and let him be in charge of this broiling.

Serve pies on paper plates with bread-and-butter pickles, small sweet pickles, or sliced dill pickles. This recipe allows six servings of 2 pies each.

A hot drink such as coffee, tea, or cocoa—or iced bottled drinks, or iced punch in a bowl—rounds out this party.

DAISY BEVERAGE BASKET

If you decide to serve your beverages in the bottle instead of a punch bowl, here's a nice spring idea. Line a basket with waxed paper. Fit a glass baking casserole inside the basket. Fasten a bunch of artificial daisies on the handle or down one side of the basket. Have your bottles very cold, and have them "dressed" with an artificial daisy fastened to the cap of each (use scotch tape).

At serving time, half fill the casserole with cracked ice. Arrange the bottles in it, bouquet fashion, as in the photograph. Be sure there is an opener handy, and decorative paper cups (those with handles are back in the shops) or glasses.

THE END

Here's the handy coupon for ordering AMERICAN GIRL Recipe-File folders:

I enclose¢ in stamps forcopies of the AMERICAN GIRL Recipe File No. 6. To make my cooking file complete, please send me also:

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.....copies of Recipe File No. 3, 6¢ each.
.....copies of Recipe File No. 4, 6¢ each.
.....copies of Recipe File No. 5, 6¢ each.

I enclose 6¢ in stamps for each Recipe File, and a stamped, self-addressed business size envelope for every two copies ordered.

Name.....
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Don't forget to enclose your stamped envelope!

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WE now offer small-size PHOTOS of POPULAR MOVIE STARS that can be put in wallets, lockets, albums, miniature frames, etc. These photos are made up in complete sets of 16 different Popular Movie Stars printed on glossy photographic stock—each Photo is 2 x 2 1/4 in size. Each set consists of all beautiful Front View Head and Bust Photos of Hollywood's greatest stars in recent poses. SOLD IN COMPLETE SETS OF 16 PHOTOS as listed and no sets can be broken. Price is 25c for set of 16 photos or five different sets (80 photos) for only \$1.00. The supply is limited so be wise and order your 80 Photos for only one dollar NOW. Be the first one in your circle to have these fine little photos of your favorite stars.

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Every set has different poses:

SET #K all Western set contains photos of Dale Evans, Roy Rogers, Gene Autry, Charles Starrett, Bill Boyd, Tex Ritter, Alan Lane, John Wayne, Randolph Scott, Bill Elliot, Ken Curtis, Roy Rogers with Dale Evans, Bob Nolan, Monte Hale, Tim Holt, Bob Livingston.

SET #A contains photos of Burt Lancaster, Guy Madison, Roy Rogers, Lana Turner, Margaret O'Brien, Gene Autry, Alan Ladd, Bing Crosby, Cyd Charisse, Yvonne DeCarlo, Gregory Peck, William (Bill) Elliot, Jane Wyman, Angela Lansbury, Viveca Lindfors, Dorothy Lamour.

SET #B contains photos of Cornel Wilde, June Allyson, Van Johnson, Dale Evans, Sunset Carson, Rita Hayworth, James Mason, Joan Caulfield, Kurt Krueger, Betty Grable, Nelson Eddy, Greer Garson, Robert Cummings, Esther Williams, Gene Kelly, Ingrid Bergman.

SET #C contains photos of Robert Mitchum, Elizabeth Scott, Tyrone Power, Ann Sheridan, Dick Haymes, Joan Crawford, Lon McCallister, Ida Lupino, Perry Como, Alexis Smith, Frank Sinatra, Betty Hutton, Jean Pierre Aumont, Deanna Durbin, Glenn Ford, Bette Davis.

SET #D contains photos of Peter Lawford, Jennifer Jones, Ronald Reagan, Elizabeth Taylor, Clark Gable, Hedy Lamarr, Andy Russell, June Haver, John Lund, Anne Baxter, Robert Alda, Shirley Temple, Tom Drake, Linda Darnell, Dana Andrews, Olivia DeHavilland.

SET #E contains photos of Frank Latimore, Lauren Bacall, Dane Clark, Kathryn Grayson, Gig Young, Martha Vickers, Charles Korvin, Andrea King, Errol Flynn, Barbara Stanwyck, Jeffrey Lynn, Jack Palance, Ross Hunter, Eleanor Parker, Dennis Morgan, Angela Greene.

SET #F contains photos of William Holden, Mark Stevens, Tyrone Power, Stirling Hayden, Van Johnson, Frank Sinatra, Nelson Eddy, Gene Kelly, Dick Haymes, Roy Rogers, Burt Lancaster, Victor Mature, Peter Lawford, Jean Pierre Aumont, Robert Alda, Gregory Peck.

SET #G contains photos of Guy Madison, Roy Rogers, James Mason, Glenn Ford, Cornel Wilde, Alan Ladd, Lon McCallister, Andy Russell, Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Perry Como, Ronald Reagan, Sunset Carson, Helmut Dantine, Harry James, Tom Drake.

SET #H contains photos of Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner, June Allyson, Bing Crosby, Cornel Wilde, Jeanne Crain, Bill Boyd, Dane Clark, Shirley Temple, Dale Evans, Danny Kaye, Margaret O'Brien, Yvonne DeCarlo, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Gene Autry.

SET #I contains photos of Larry Parks, Gale Storm, Rex Harrison, Hazel Brooks, Rory Calhoun, Frances Langford, Stewart Granger, Linda Christian, Sonny Tufts, Susan Peters, Robert Stack, Audrey Totter, Richard Greene, Lina Romay, Cameron Mitchell, Gloria Grahame.

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SPEAKING OF MOVIES



THE PIRATE—Most delightful of the new musicals is this Technicolorful romance with Judy Garland and Gene Kelly, and Cole Porter melodies. Charming story has Judy the heiress to a small Caribbean island, about to be married to its stuffy, middle-aged mayor, while dreaming of a dashing pirate. Along comes Gene, a strolling actor, who pretends to be the pirate, and upsets everybody's plans.



FURY AT FURNACE CREEK—is by far the month's best adventure thriller, with Victor Mature, Glenn Langan, and Coleen Gray heading a fine cast. Its locale is old Arizona; the time, 1880; and Vic is out to clear the name of his father, an Army colonel who had been accused of selling out Apache territory for the benefit of crooked silver-mining interests. It is vividly acted and exciting.



THE MATING OF MILLIE—is one of the surprise comedy hits of the year, and one that will find favor with all types of audiences. Evelyn Keyes plays Millie McDonigle, stuffy department-store executive, who has to find herself a husband before she can adopt a lovable orphan (Jimmy Hunt). Willard Parker, Ron Randall, and Glenn Ford give fine performances as possible husbands for Millie.

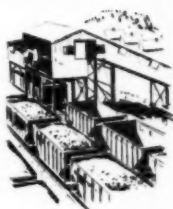


SITTING PRETTY—an ideal family picture, loaded with laughs. Maureen O'Hara and Robert Young are likable and believable as the harassed parents of three young children whose careers are almost ruined until they advertise for a resident baby-sitter and get—Clifton Webb! The usually debonair Webb is quite wonderful, and you've seen nothing till you see him bathing baby.

by CAROL CRANE

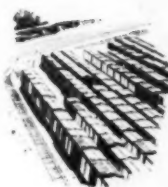


Everybody likes to watch the trains go by—especially the fast freights. But how would you like to stand in front of a “mike” and try to answer some questions about railroading? Here are four tough ones. Check the answers you think are correct. Then see how many you got right:



1. Question: How much coal do the railroads haul for the homes and industries of the nation in a year?

- 140,000,000 tons ☐
 360,000,000 tons ☐
 520,000,000 tons ☐

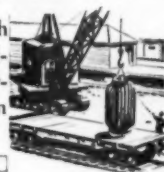


2. Question: How many carloads of farm products were hauled on the railroads last year?

- 4,000,000 cars ☐
 6,000,000 cars ☐
 8,000,000 cars ☐

3. Question: How much do you think the railroads get, on the average, for hauling a ton of freight one mile?

- 1½ cents ☐ 2½ cents ☐
 5 cents ☐



4. Question: How much do you think the railroads earn on their investment?

- 3¼ per cent ☐ 5¼ per cent ☐
 10 per cent ☐

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS:

1. In 1947 the railroads hauled 520,000,000 tons of coal—more than were ever moved in any year before.

2. In 1947 the railroads hauled 6,000,000 carloads of farm produce—more grain and grain products than in any previous year.

3. Before the war the average charge of the railroads for hauling a ton of freight one mile was less than one cent. Even today, with the higher rates necessary to meet greatly increased wages and prices, the average charge is only about one and a quarter cents.

4. In the year 1947, hauling the biggest peacetime traffic in their history, the railroads earned an average return of only 3½ per cent on their net investment. This is only about half what the railroads need to meet their interest and rental charges and to provide for necessary improvements.



Railroads, under regulation, must be allowed to charge enough for their services to make sure that the America of tomorrow will enjoy even better railroad transportation than it has today.

**ASSOCIATION OF
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Are you in the know?



When can a girl ask for a date?

- ☐ But never
- ☐ In Twirp Season
- ☐ How desperate can you get

A miss can stalk her man—in Twirp Season. Anytime you and your gal pals declare one. Call for your dates, give 'em zany corsages. Plans can include a dance or movies, plus

refreshments—natch. The catch? Twirp means "The Woman Is Requested to Pay". At certain times, choosing Kotex pays, in self-assurance. Why not, with those flat pressed ends preventing telltale outlines? Thanks to this secret mission, Kotex' flat pressed ends help so many girls to stay in the fun . . . serenely!



Do the Crew Cuts rate you —

- ☐ Affectionate
- ☐ Affected
- ☐ A femme to follow

A gal might improve her conversation. Don't keep repeating "See?" . . . "I mean . . ." And only a dreep would dare the affected "Do you rah-lly?" approach. Shun mannerisms. Be yourself. And be rated a femme to follow. You can always be your own gay self when calendar qualms are off your mind. What with that exclusive safety center of Kotex for extra protection, there's no ceiling to your confidence! And Kotex comes in 3 sizes—there's a Kotex napkin just perfect for you.



More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Perpetua Puts One Over

(Continued from page 9)

probably doesn't know the difference between a pansy and a petunia."

Joanne put a calming hand on my shoulder. "I wouldn't be too sure about that," she said. "You don't win all those prizes without being good."

"But you're good, too," I protested, "only you—"

"I know," Joanne smiled. "I'm the kind of person who usually comes in second."

"No!" I wailed. But I really was panicked. Joanne knows so much botany that she could probably make a mangel-wurzel (whatever that is) grow on a peanut vine. She has green thumbs. But when it comes to writing down what she knows, she's *all* thumbs. Perpetua probably couldn't grow a dandelion, but she could undoubtedly *write* better botany than Burbank.

SENIOR year at Danville High is always a hectic time, but this year, with the advent of Perpetua Kelly, it took on something of the aspect of a six days' bicycle race. Her long-legged figure, blond hair floating in the breeze she created, seemed to be everywhere. Her tremendous zeal for doing so many things, and in such a hurry, was catching. The tempo of everything was speeded up.

If there were any who were inclined to scoff at Perpetua for being so ready to tackle—literally—almost anything, they soon changed their tune. For whatever she did, she did well. There was only one catch in it. And it took me a long time to discover that.

Meanwhile, it was Perpetua's ability to drag down the highest marks with the greatest of ease that worried me. When the results of the first end-of-the-month tests were posted she led the botany list with a 97. Joanne had an 85, and I was plunged into gloom.

Something of what I was feeling must have shown in my face, for suddenly Joanne became very firm. "Henny Vaughan," she declared, "if you say so much as one word to Perpetua about my needing that scholarship, I'll never speak to you again. Just think what a dope it would make me. You'd be saying, in effect, 'Joanne's not bright enough to win the scholarship on her own, so we're asking everybody else not to try for it.'"

"Maybe you're right," I agreed reluctantly, "only—"

Joanne laughed. "Only I'll have to do a better job of writing down what I know. And that'll be good for me."

Perpetua romped through the second month's tests with a 94 and Joanne managed to pull herself up to an 89. In the third month's tests Joanne made a 90, while Perpetua dropped to 91.

That was the day I woke up to the catch in the whole thing which might save the day. And it was Perpetua herself who woke me up.

"Henny," she said that day, "this botany thing is the slowest contest I ever worked on. It's taking months. And I'm not having any fun—with other contests, I mean. For once in my life, I seem to be stuck in a rut."

"Y-yes, I see what you mean," I stam-

mered. Right then a klieg light flooded the gloom of my dim brain. I could hardly wait to get home and grab the evening paper.

What a dull paper it was—not a single contest announcement. It seemed to me that the least Danville could do would be to have a "Be Kind to Alley Cats Week"—or anything, so long as it was a contest. My eyes lighted on a stack of Mother's home-making magazines, and I started leafing through the latest one. I'd barely gone three pages when a full-page contest advertisement jumped out at me. It was one of those where you say, "I like Whosit's soap because . . ." And the prizes were super. A two weeks' cruise to Havana, and a number of cash prizes. As I cut out the page and put it in my English composition notebook, I pictured Perpetua and her mother lounging on the deck of a steamer for two precious weeks—in which Perpetua would have no chance to study botany.

Then I remembered that I'd seen that magic word "contest" in one of my kid brother's photographic magazines.

I was right. It was a snapshot contest for amateurs, and the prizes were a reflex camera, an enlarger, and a kit of developing solutions. What could be more perfect? In my mind's eye I could see Perpetua, back from her Havana trip with a mountain of snapshots, spending long evenings making enlargements—evenings in which there wouldn't be a minute left to study botany.

Next morning, in English Comp., I wangled a seat next to Perpetua. Casually I opened my notebook to the two contest ads, then busied myself with the day's assignment. I had made up my mind that Perpetua must walk into my trap.

It wasn't necessary. Perpetua spotted the clippings at once. "Mind if I take a look at these?" she asked.

"Help yourself," I invited.

At the end of class she said, "May I borrow these for a couple of days, Henny? That Havana cruise would just fit into my Christmas vacation."

"Keep them," I said nonchalantly. "I've other copies."

"You going to try them, too?" Perpetua asked.

"I thought I'd give it a whirl," I answered. "You get so much fun out of contests."

HAVING planted that seed, I went on to deeper and darker plottings. Within a few weeks practically every member of the senior class had at least one contest ad tucked into his or her books. We consumed our sandwiches and malts while writing prize-winning (we hoped) slogans, or counting words, or comparing notes as to where coupons, soap wrappers, or box tops might be obtained.

Perpetua didn't win the Havana cruise, but she did win the enlarger. As a result, the contest fever zoomed to new heights, and December report cards to new depths. All that is, except Joanne's. She went up to a 92 in botany, and Perpetua's grade fell off to 90. For January, Joanne advanced another point, while Perpetua slipped to 87. That was the month Perpetua was experimenting with the enlarger, working on an entry for a national photographic contest.

"You know, Henny, I'm really writing better botany papers now," Joanne told me one day. "I've a little secret, but I can't tell you about it just yet."

(Continued on page 46)

WITH PLAYERS WHO "KNOW"

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Good form and good equipment go hand in hand. And *good form* in tennis depends a whole lot upon the racket you use. If it's a Wilson, endorsed by such great tennis stars as Pauline Betz, Alice Marble, Mary Hardwick, Jack Kramer, Bobby Riggs and Don Budge, you'll be able to swing it with confidence. You'll find it easier to develop good form in

your serve, forehand and backhand. So, for a winning game take a tip from these stars—use a Wilson racket designed especially for women. See your Wilson dealer or tennis professional. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities. (A Wilson & Co., Inc. subsidiary.)

Players mentioned are retained as members of the Wilson Advisory Staff



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Poultry Raiser

A New Crop of Badges

by **HARRIET WARREN**

Girl Scouts are breaking ground
in a new field—agriculture—
with these nine badges

DO YOU know how to bridle, lead, and tie a horse? Is there room in your barn for keeping rabbits? Are you going to the country this summer where you'll help with the milking and care of a cow?

If you're an Intermediate Girl Scout and you answered yes to any of those questions, you can be on your way to earning one of the brand-new crop of Girl Scout badges in the newest department of Girl Scout activity. Agriculture is its name and there are nine badges in the crop, eight of which are new. You see them all pictured at the top of this page.

New though these badges may be, the idea of agricultural work for Girl Scouts is an old one. For many years the Home Gardener badge under the heading of Nature Work has been a very popular one and it's a well-known fact that Senior Girl Scout Farm Aides put in an impressive total of 400,000 hours of farm work during World War II. But the inspiration for these new badges comes rather from the increasing need that every one of us know more about the raising and producing of food—certainly the greatest human problem in today's world.

At Girl Scout Headquarters, then, the experts sat down together behind closed doors to work out the details of the new agricultural field. Badge requirements were carefully written, patterns for the attractive badge symbols were carefully made and put on the looms; and, finally, with the publication of your 1947 Girl Scout Handbook last fall, everything was made public and official.

Most of the badges—Farmer, Poultry Raiser, Fruit Raiser, for instance—will be plain sailing for Scouts who live in rural areas. But don't think that you must live down on the farm to qualify for any of them. Each badge has requirements that a village, suburban, and even city-dwelling Girl Scout can fulfill.

Let's say that you're staying at home

all summer this year.

No swimming hole in your town, no troop meetings, no day camp—you're feeling definitely abused.

Why not select a piece of land—around the back steps, or beside the driveway, perhaps—to improve?

As you study the space and soil, consult seed catalogues, observe other plantings as you walk around town, plant, prune, dig, observe, and finally help a neighbor beautify her yard, you'll suddenly find you're having a fine summer—and earning the new Landscaper badge for your sleeve. Beekeeper is another good badge to work on independently in a library, natural-history museum, or wherever books, pamphlets, and photographs on bees and beekeeping are available.

Are you going away to the country or to camp? Don't spend all your free time lounging in the hammock! Nine chances out of ten there's a near-by farm where in a small space of time each day you can put on your dungarees and work off the exciting practical requirements for a new Girl Scout badge. How about Fruit Raiser or Truck Gardener? How about dairying for which you must take part care of a fresh cow for one month as one of the requirements?

Complete details of this and the other eight agricultural badges are printed in your Girl Scout Handbook (1947 Edition) and in a booklet entitled "New Ranks and Badges in the Intermediate Program" (catalog No. 20-102, 20c) which is available at Girl Scout Equipment Shops. For ideas and suggestions your leader will find State or county agricultural agents and 4-H clubs ready to help, or ask her to write to Program Division Girl Scout National Headquarters, 155 East 44th Street, New York City 17, for help and information.

Vacation is just around the corner so better make your plans now to earn some of these new badges!

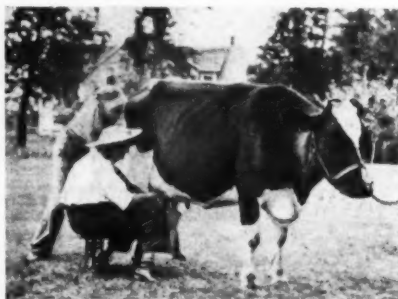
THE END



Photographs by Paul Parker

Summertime down on the farm is ideal for working on the badges

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Left to right

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Swimsuit in lovely bright aqua, 50% wool, 50% cotton. Two larger sizes designed with bra tops, other sizes in straight princess style. Emblem stitched on. Sizes 8-18. 8-164—4.25



Girl Scouts of Toledo, Ohio, hard at work on the clothing kits they are making for children—their part of 100,000 kits Girl Scouts plan to send abroad

ALL OVER THE MAP



Each month, "All Over the Map" will bring you news of outstanding things being done by Girl Scouts. If your troop has any exciting plans afoot, or has recently undertaken any especially interesting project, write and tell us all the details (send photographs if you have them) so that we can pass the news on in these columns.

• **One of the many** parties given across the country in celebration of the Girl Scouts' 36th birthday was held at Girl Scout Headquarters in New York City, with members of the city-wide Scout chorus and senior Scouts representing the five boroughs as hostesses. Daughters of United Nations delegates were guests of honor at the party, several of them members of Girl Guide or Scout troops in their own countries. Australia, China, Czechoslovakia, Canada, England, El Salvador, Ecuador, France, Greece, and The Netherlands were represented. Highlights of the party were a seven-layer birthday cake shaped and iced to represent a huge open book, a magician who performed sleight-of-hand tricks, and singing by the chorus. Guests at the party included a troop of twenty Boy Scouts who arrived bearing a set of handicraft books, a gift which constitutes the beginning of a crafts' reference library that will be open to 37,557 Girl Scouts in Greater New York.

• **Communities all over** the country are going full steam ahead on the "Clothes for Friendship" project, which has as its goal for 1948 the shipment of 100,000 clothing kits to children overseas by Girl Scouts through the American Friends Service Committee. Toledo, Ohio, for instance, practically the first community to get started on a city-wide scale, has gone all out for the project. Glencoe, Illinois, used their clothing-kit work as the highlight of their annual Father-Daughter Girl Scout banquet, showing a forty-minute movie on the

work of the Friends in Finland. Fifteen troops of Glencoe, representing 225 Brownie, Intermediate, and Senior Girl Scouts, sent 100 clothing kits and 8 large cartons of assorted clothing to the Friends' workshop in Chicago. Glencoe further reports that one troop alone, from that city, sent seven kits. Another gave a pageant to stimulate interest in the kits, using models to show their audience the contrast between ragged, poorly clothed children and youngsters as they would look when dressed from the contents of one of the kits they were assembling.

The "Clothes for Friendship" project is being carried out in many different and interesting ways by groups of Girl Scouts throughout the country. If the group with which you are working has any specially interesting news about this project, please send the story to us so that we can pass it on in these pages to other Girl Scouts. Address "All Over the Map," American Girl Magazine, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y.

• **At the birthday** luncheon of the Oakland Quota Club recently, Nonna Cheatnam, one of the American delegates who attended the Girl Scout International Encampment at Barree, Pennsylvania, last year, stood up and recounted her experiences at the camp to Quota Club members and guests from other professional and service clubs of the area. Nonna, as honored guest and speaker at the luncheon, proved to be a distinct departure from the guest speakers of other

years—but only in the matter of age. It has been the custom of the Quota Club to select as guest speaker a woman who has rendered some outstanding service to the community. This year the president suggested that instead of a "woman of the year" they should have a "very young woman of the year." Nonna, a Mariner Scout, was selected to address the group, and charmed and thrilled them with her account of the encampment. If you are interested in the full story of the International Encampment that Nonna described, a pictorial report is now available from the Girl Scout Equipment Service. It is a twenty-four page booklet, lavishly illustrated, and the cost is 35c. Write to the Girl Scout Equipment Service, 155 East 44th Street, New York 17, New York, and ask for the Thirty-fifth Anniversary International Camp booklet, catalogue number 19-144.

• **Once again** Girl Scouts and former Girl Scouts have distinguished themselves in the annual Westinghouse Science Talent Search. Seventeen year old Barbara Wolff, a geneticist of Flushing, New York, and a former Girl Scout, won one of the two \$2,400 Westinghouse Grand Science Scholarships; Laura Maurer, also a former Girl Scout, of Rockville Center, New York, won one of the \$400 scholarships; and among the forty finalists to win scholarships of \$100 each there were several Girl Scouts.

• **If the grounds** of the Girl Scout Little House in your community look a trifle bleak, you may get a helpful idea from a project which has been going on in Mon-

roe, Louisiana. Twenty-two Monroe Girl Scouts are earning their Landscaper badges by helping to beautify the grounds of their Little House. Shrubs donated by various people in the community are going into the ground under the direction of the Louisiana Agriculture Extension Service, thus giving the Scouts firsthand, practical experience.

• **From an assistant Girl Guide** leader in Apeldoorn, Holland, comes this dramatic story of a treasured picture. Some time ago her troop received several Friendship Bags—containing buttons, hairpins, washcloths, toothbrushes, etc.—which had been sent to Holland by American Girl Scouts. In one of the bags was a picture of the sender, but unfortunately there was no name or address on the back, and so no letter expressing their great delight in the gifts could be sent to America. The Dutch girls, however, christened the picture Patty, and hung it on the wall of their tiny troop meeting house. Some time later, thieves broke into the house and stole everything in sight, including the picture. The things they stole were extremely difficult to replace because Holland is so poor, and a lot of work had gone into the decoration and equipment of the little house—yet the loss that was the most bewailed was the picture of Patty, because the troop knew that this could never be replaced. Months after the robbery, the Guides went to work collecting used paper for their country, as every school-age girl and boy was doing. And then one day it happened—as members of the troop were loading their salvage into carts, one of the sacks burst open, and out fell Patty! The picture was gleefully reinstated on the wall of the troop house, where it is to this day.

• **A thoroughly successful** and exciting intercity Girl Scout project is reported from Tennessee. Troop 1 of Greeneville invited Troop 12 of Kingsport to visit their town and see the sights. Highlights of the tour were a visit to the Andrew Johnson home and to a warehouse to watch a tobacco auction. Troop 12 of Kingsport, in turn, played hostess to the Greeneville Scouts and showed them many of their local industries, including a trip through the Kingsport Press, one of the world's largest book manufacturers. Folk dancing, games, and, of course, refreshments marked the visits, and both closed with a Friendship Circle.

• **At least one American girl** in Germany is putting her Girl Scout training to good use in helping the cause of friendship between German and American young people. She is Gail Glavin, the eleven year old daughter of Colonel E. J. Glavin stationed in Bad Homburg, just

outside of Frankfurt, Germany. Last year, Colonel and Mrs. Glavin organized Mercy Mail, Incorporated, a project enlisting help from their friends in the United States to aid needy Germans. Not to be outdone, Gail, a former Girl Scout, organized the European Playmates Group to help needy German youngsters. The group now has fifteen regular members, made up of both German and American boys and girls from nine to sixteen years old. Their purpose is to assist in every way possible where help is needed. Among their many activities is the collection of toys and clothing for four German organizations and one refugee group having a total of four

hundred children. Many of the relief articles come from friends in the United States, but many of them are also made or reconditioned by members of the group. One German boy, for instance, is the club artist. He is kept busy painting toys. Others collect old scraps of clothing, tin foil, and cellophane which they make into things to amuse younger children. Some of the boys make wood carvings, and the girls make tiny shoes for year-old children. Then there is a committee whose job it is to find out where things are needed most. The club elects its own officers, and a bulletin is posted every week giving each clubmember a task to do.

THE END



Ben Greenhaus

Daughters of United Nations delegates are guests of Girl Scouts of Greater New York celebrating the Girl Scouts' 36th birthday

Members of the European Playmates Group—American and German children—restoring toys for destitute Germans



HEADLINE NEWS IN GIRL SCOUTING

Perpetua Puts One Over

(Continued from page 41)

"Quite all right, my pet," I said maternally. Sooner or later she'd tell me, I knew.

Perhaps it was Joanne's "little secret" that enabled her to make a dazzling 95 for February. But Perpetua's new low of 84 could be explained by one thing only—the Danville "Evening Bulletin's" new puzzle contest with a car as first prize. And right in the middle of that one, the "Morning Independent" started a word-building contest.

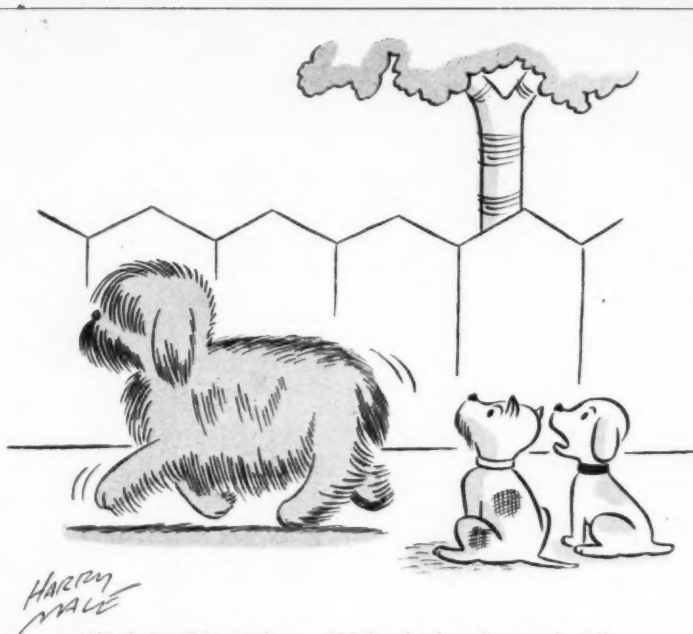
By now I was looking in the mirror every day for premature gray hairs. Of course you have discovered my guilty secret. With malice utterly aforethought I had sidetracked Perpetua away from Joanne's botany contest. All her life she had been winning things by her simply super speed. She had to do everything in a hurry. That's why she hadn't had any fun boning away at botany. Joanne, on the other hand, simply wallowed in it. Remember the old story of the hare and the tortoise?

And now, with the spring finals just two weeks away, two things had to happen.

First, Perpetua waylaid me in the Sweet Shop. She bought me a coke. Then she gave me that friendly grin of hers, and said, "it's about time I dropped all those other contests now. I've just about got time to polish off that botany scholarship. You're a good kid, Henny, but it isn't going to work."

I felt utterly unmasked. Perpetua hadn't been fooled! Then came the second blow.

In the botany lab I came upon Joanne, a



"She's terribly stuck-up—thinks she has the new look"

faraway look in her eyes and a set of contest rules in her hand. With a low moan I snatched them away from her.

"No!" I cried. "Perpetua's on the war-path again. You—"

"But Henny," protested my little lamb,

"let me explain, will you? My secret—"

I wouldn't listen. "You're supposed to win the horticultural scholarship. Remember?"

The next two weeks were almost more than human flesh could bear. Never, I vowed, would I interfere again in anybody

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else's business. I still think it's a good idea, but it didn't stop me from elbowing my way through the mob that crowded around the bulletin board the day the final grades came out. The botany list read:

Joanne Storm—92

Perpetua Kelly—87

I'll never forget our graduation day as long as I live. Joanne was positively radiant. Perpetua was her usual dynamic self, with the best all-round grades in the class. Even I had managed to boost my usual solid C average to a feeble B.

Then they announced Joanne's name as winner of the Jewell Scholarship, and in the tremendous burst of applause that followed, Perpetua winked at me. I didn't think much about it at the time, but after it was all over, Joanne stopped me in the hall.

"Henny," she said, "that was a wonderful idea of yours. Perpetua told me about it."

"Ugh?" I bumbled, in purest Choctaw.

"Yes, Perpetua said you started that contest craze in school to help me. Well, it surely did. But I don't quite see why you had to get the whole school mixed up in it just to help me learn to write."

"School—write—contest?" I babbled.

"Yes. That was the secret. I tried to tell you about it the day you took the contest rules away from me. Perpetua was helping me. Of course I didn't win anything, but the wonderful practice I got in writing was really what put over my last couple of botany papers. I always did know the subject pretty well, but I couldn't write about it—not until you started the contest craze and Perpetua coached me in writing. She admits I've improved, but she advises me to stick to botany."

I can't quite figure it out. Maybe you can help me. Thanks to Perpetua's coaching in writing for contests, Joanne won her scholarship all right. Yet—in some way that eludes me—it seems that Perpetua put one over on all of us. And still, common sense tells me that's plain silly. After all, Perpetua lost, didn't she? Or did she?

THE END

Two-Wheel Technique

(Continued from page 20)

ing car's headlights at about 300 feet. Don't invest in one of those cute, tiny "jewels"; insist on a large, red reflector, at least two inches in diameter, and have it sparkling clean whenever you venture out into the dusk. White, incidentally, is the "smartest" color for night riders' wearing apparel.

And now about the actual operation of your vehicle. Remember, by the way, that it is a vehicle, not a toy, and that zigzagging, hitchhiking rides, tricks, and stunts are kid stuff and strictly out of place. After all, you never saw an adult motorist release the steering wheel and wave wildly about, screaming "Look—no hands!" Also, unless yours is a tandem model, bear in mind that it's a bicycle built for one. So even if someone wheelies and entreats, don't take on a rider. It's no kindness to endanger both your lives that way. If you're with a friend who must progress by shanks' mare, get off and walk your bike for courtesy's sake.

Overloading yourself is an equally bad thought. If you're planning to turn your bicycle into a part-time delivery wagon, have it equipped with a good, firmly at-

(Continued on page 49)



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by **CARL BOSLER**

RECOMMENDED RECORDS

Popular

Lover . . . Soothe Me . . . Stan Kenton . . . Capitol (15031) . . . Stan dresses "Lover" in the bright attire of modern "progressive" jazz. With the Kenton brass no holds are barred, as usual. On the reverse, pert June Christy gives an exciting interpretation of a slow blues.

If You Knew Susie . . . Scatterbrain . . . Frankie Masters . . . MGM (10155) . . . Ever since Eddie Cantor first sang about "Susie" in 1925 the tune has been a hit. Frankie and his crew, ably assisted by the singing Swing Masters, do a masterful job in their brightly paced revival. Ditto for the old-timer on the plattermate.

Sunny Weather . . . You Were Meant For Me . . . Harry Babbitt . . . Mercury (5117) . . . Here's the first new song of spring, appropriately titled and replete with intimations of the turnings of a young man's fancy. Harry's smooth tenor is nicely complemented by the deft phrasings of Dick Maltby's orchestra on both sides.

There Ought To Be A Society . . . Sitting On Edge . . . Joy Nichols and Harry Roy . . . London (140) . . . Joy's full, rich voice is just the thing for the clever calypso ditty which laments the "poor unfortunate lover." On the reverse, Harry gives a sparkling British version of boogie-woogie piano.

Keys To Romance . . . Buddy Cole . . . Capitol Album (BD-63) . . . Buddy adds another delightful piano set to his album series which includes "Moonlight Moods" and "Piano Cocktails." Tops among the eight tunes in this group are "The Moon Was Yellow," "S'posin'," "Easy To Remember," and "Cheek To Cheek."

Souvenir Album . . . Dick Powell . . . Decca (A-608) . . . Your favorite movie private eye, once the top man in musical comedy circles, returns to his first love and sings some of the hit melodies from the great musicals. Dick's pleasant, simple manner is a refreshing change from the more intense stylings of the current crop of songsters.

See You In My Dreams . . . Ok! Baby . . . Pied Pipers . . . Capitol (495) . . . With soft harmonies framed by romantic notes from the celeste, the Pipers present the dream tune in a fresh and colorful manner. They breeze through the quaintly garbled, tongue-twisting lyrics of the lively novelty on the coupling with the greatest of ease.

Jazz

Art Tatum . . . Decca Album (A-585) . . . Art gives a remarkable demonstration of his fabulous piano technique and musical in-

ventiveness on such tunes as "Get Happy," "Sweet Lorraine," and "Cocktails For Two." It's a generous helping of jazz by one of the great exponents of the art.

New Trends

Lover . . . Brazil . . . Les Paul . . . Capitol (15037) . . . Besides being a fine jazzman, Les is probably the greatest guitar virtuoso of our times. When you hear these recordings, remember that Les played all the different guitar parts himself. It was done by a process of re-recording and the result is somewhat amazing.

Concert

Fingerbustin' . . . London Album (LA-4) . . . From overseas comes more music specifically designed to exploit instrumental virtuosity. Here are brilliant solo performances on the flute, saxophone, and clarinet. The Kingsway Symphony, conducted by Camarata, accompanies the artists and contributes a dazzling bit of string precision with a piece called "Fiddle Faddle."

Music Of Cole Porter . . . Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra . . . Columbia Album (MM-721) . . . This album represents a happy combination of the polished Porter music and the intricate Kostelanetz scoring. The orchestral style, rich in nuance and shimmering effect, captures all the charm of such well-loved melodies as "I've Got You Under My Skin," and "I Love You."

Ibert: Escapes (Ports Of Call), played by the San Francisco Symphony conducted by Pierre Monteux. This glowing and colorful score is distinguished by its versatility and superb craftsmanship. By turn both rhapsodic and melancholy, the magic of the music evokes the romantic pageantry of distant, old-world ports which the composer supposedly visited during a Mediterranean cruise. Mr. Monteux, as always, gives an inspired reading. Victor Album (DM-1173).

Bach: Sonatas for Harpsichord and Violin, played by Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, and Alexander Schneider, violin. With the recording of these magnificent, yet rarely heard sonatas, Columbia has made a praiseworthy contribution to chamber-music literature. The six sonatas occupy fourteen twelve-inch records and are bound in two volumes. Though in form these works follow the patterns of Bach's predecessors, they contain an expressive and emotional quality which was rarely achieved before. In addition, for the first time the harpsichord was given a role of musical importance equal to that of the violin, instead of being relegated to the position of accompanying instrument, as in the past. The soloists, both virtuosi and musical scholars, give a distinguished performance. Columbia Album (MM-719).

THE END

Two-Wheel Technique

(Continued from page 47)

tached basket, and deposit all parcels within. A handbag or any other impedimenta, swinging from your arm or grasped in one hand, will prove a decided hazard in the slightest emergency.

So far we've been talking about simple, common-sense precautions that every rider should take automatically, for her own sake. There are also, in most communities, actual laws that control the operation of a bicycle—sometimes involving the possibility of arrests, fines, and the impounding of your bike. It's your business to find out what the local ordinances are and to observe them meticulously. If a license or registration is required, attend to it before you give your new machine its trial flight. Inform yourself about restrictions—in many localities, for example, cyclists are forbidden to ride on the sidewalk, while in others they are expected to do so.

Wherever you ride, you will be required to observe the same traffic signals that apply to cars. You know—red light means stop, green means go, yellow means caution. Ride single file and stay close to the curb. Don't dodge in and out of traffic, and be sure to sound your bell as you pass any other vehicle—which you do to the left. If you're about to turn into a main thoroughfare, stop, look, and listen, just as a motorist would, before shooting into the stream of traffic. Experts don't "ride blind." Like a wise motorist, too, slow down in wet, slippery weather. If you're crossing heavy traffic, the smart way to play it is to get down and walk your machine across the street.

The same hand signals that car drivers use will protect you, and make matters infinitely easier for motorists, who appreciate advance warning of your intentions. If you're coming to a halt, hold your left hand straight out, fingers extended. If you're turning left, across traffic, use the same hand to point down and to the left. If you're taking a right turn, hold your left hand up, or make the conventional "come ahead" signal for the driver in back to pass to your left.

These precautions, as the safety experts point out, can reduce the number of casualties to a minimum. They can also make cycling more fun for you, and convert your machine into the social asset it really should be. A word to the wise, we trust, is sufficient!

THE END

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Beany Malone

(Continued from page 19)

"It was just the way Beany said." Kay spoke tonelessly. "Faye didn't see the stop sign. She ought to wear glasses, but they make her look old. She was hurrying because she had been to the beauty parlor and she was late to the Rhodes' dinner party."

Norbett broke the grating silence. "Give Johnny back his handle, Faye." He took it out of her limp hand and gave it to Johnny. "Here you are," he said—as though he were telling them, "Here, I'm through with grudges."

Faye stood irresolutely, her taffy-colored hair framing a face that went incongruously with her rippling, sixteen-year-old hairdo. She pulled her green jacket closer, with a tinny jangle of charm bracelet. "I've a wretched headache. Let's go home."

Kay put little Martie on the floor and stood up. "I'm not going home," she announced flatly.

Martie Malone reproached gently, "Kay, remember that she's your mother."

"No, she isn't! She's cheated me out of having a mother," Kay flung out savagely. "She had to be a pal to me! She made me feel sorry for her, because she said she never had any girlhood. Well, she can't keep on being a girl forever, can she? And I can't keep on being a doll for her to dress up. She won't let me have a friend. Whenever I make one she packs and moves on. I was afraid to be nice to Beany—"

Martie Malone tried to put in a steadying word, but Kay rushed on, "I won't go home. I'm through running away from everything that isn't pretty and cute. Please, please let me stay here until I can go to my father!"

Faye took a step toward her, but she cried, "Don't you touch me!" and sought refuge in Beany's arms.

This is tragedy, Beany thought. Other things don't really matter. Not Mary Fred's cold-shouldering by the Delts. Not a soldier having to walk on an artificial leg—if the one he loved walked beside him.

Then something happened which broke the tension. The brown pup that Kay had named Pierre came waddling into the room. Little Martie, desperate at Kay's grief, scooped it up and thrust it into her arms. "Here," he said urgently. "Don't cry, Kay. You can take it home."

Martie Malone said, "I think she could, couldn't she, Mrs. Maffley?"

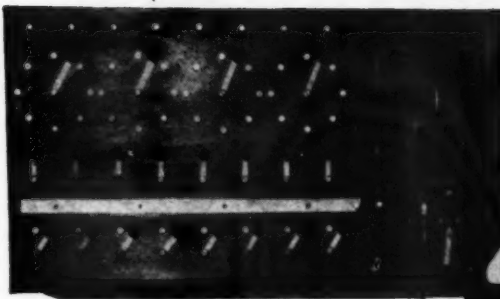
It might have been the emphasis of his "Mrs. Maffley." For the woman seemed to slough off some of her empty girlishness as she put her hand on her daughter's shoulder and begged, "Please, Kay. Look at me, dear. You can have the dog, and maybe—maybe I can take care of it while you're at school." Kay didn't answer, and she went on pleadingly, "And when we go back to Utah in the spring, we can take him."

Kay's sobs slackened. She smiled tremulously at her mother. "I'll have to put him under my coat so he won't get snowed on," was all she said.

But when, finally, they went down the front steps, it didn't seem like a "winsome twosome" any longer, but as though a mother and daughter were going home together.

Mary Fred had slept through it all. It was almost noon when a special-delivery letter came for her and Beany awakened her.

(Continued on page 53)



When boys were at this switchboard—

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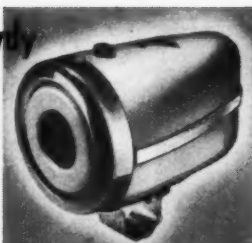
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BOOKS

by MARJORIE CINTA

ing the art of homemaking, so that she can keep house for her father while her mother is in the hospital having a baby. Nancy does a good job, and her notebook covers easy directions for running a home, explained in detail for the beginner.

Woman Doctors Today. By SALLY KNAPP, Thomas Y. Crowell, \$2.50. You remember the article "ON CALL," in the September issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL about which many of you wrote such enthusiastic letters? It was taken from this book in which Sally Knapp tells the stories of twelve women doctors. These women are all unusual personalities, so of course their stories are interesting and Miss Knapp has done them full justice. In a warm, lively style, with well-chosen, significant incidents, she captures and holds your attention. The lives of these women are as varied as their specialties. One practices in China, one in India, one in Poland, and one is a Negro. Some are married and some are not. There is a general practitioner, a cancer surgeon, medical legislator, obstetrician, pediatrician, medical missionary, psychiatrist, nutritionist, public-health administrator, orthopedic surgeon, and (take a deep breath) an endocrinologist (glands) and an otorhinolaryngologist (ear, nose, larynx). You can see that this pretty well covers the varied branches of the medical field and, as each story tells why the doctor studied medicine, how she prepared, how she works, what she has accomplished, gives her ideas on women in medicine and about combining husbands and children with careers in medicine, the book should be a must for any of you who are interested in this field as a possible profession.

Waverly. By AMELIA ELIZABETH WALDEN. William Morrow, \$2.50. Motherless Janet Townsend, brought up by her college-professor father to hold her own in a world of men, had scant respect for women, both scorned and feared romance, and thought her Midwestern home town the only place on earth. She planned to study law at State and open an office with the boy with whom she rode, hiked, rebuilt old jalopies, and argued man-to-man. You can imagine her reactions to her father's adamant decision that she go to a women's college in the East. She entered Waverly prepared for the worst. Her roommate was Shiela Converse, daughter of a successful and notorious politician. Shiela believed she could buy her way in everything, and was interested mainly in clothes and dates with the dancer with whom she was in love. From the beginning there was conflict between the girls and with their environment. They were agreed on only one thing—their dislike of Waverly. How the influence of each other and of their classmates and of Waverly changed these two is told in a story which rings true to life on the campus of a modern college for women.

THE END

Once On Esplanade. By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES. Dodd, Mead & Company, \$2.50. Here is a story of a real girl, Marie Louise Villeré, who lived in the fascinating city of New Orleans. In fact there is not a single fictitious character in this chronicle of the years between twelve year old Marie Louise's first sip of champagne at her sister's wedding in 1883 and her own marriage nine years later. Marie Louise was full of mischief, laughter, and gaiety but her life was rigorously circumscribed by the strict conventions which governed the deportment of Creole young ladies of position. After her mother's death, as part of her social training her father insisted that she sit in full evening dress, on a backless chair, at the head of his table, carrying on agreeable conversation with her six brothers ranged on either side. She attended the Cenas Institute, a famous New Orleans school for girls; sat in a loge grillé at the French opera; watched the Carnival Parade from the balcony of her home on Esplanade; saw one of her brothers carried home wounded from a duel and another win a horse race; and nearly lost her life in a Gulf storm. Finally she made her debut, danced at cotillions, and walked up the aisle of the Cathedral in a ceremony which united a distinguished Latin family with a great Anglo-Saxon family. This is the first book for young people by a distinguished author of adult books and novels. She makes New Orleans in the eighties so real and familiar that you feel you have walked down its streets, visited its famous families, its shops and social gatherings. Her charming picture preserves for us a gracious way of life which has all but disappeared from the American scene. Thousands of you who have written of your interest in how girls live in other parts of this country far removed from your own bailiwick will welcome this book.

Nancy Keeps House. By HELENE LAIRD. The World Publishing Company, \$2.00. How do you rate as a housekeeper? If your score is low and you hate the whole business, this book will open your eyes. If you are pretty good at it and think it's fun, here's a chance to check your skills and add to them. There are lots of books and magazines that discuss homemaking for adults but this book was written especially for young people by a mother who taught her teen-age daughter how to keep house and like it. It is no dry-as-dust home economics treatise, but a lively story of twelve year old Nancy Leland who finds a good deal of fun and satisfaction in learn-

Beany Malone

(Continued from page 51)

Mary Fred blinked, yawned, and sat up. She opened the square, heavy, white envelope with a bobby pin and unfolded a double sheet with a crest at the top.

Beany edged closer on the bed to read it. "It's your bid from the Delts!" she cried.

Mary Fred replaced it in the stiff, white envelope. She said with a half smile, "If this had come a week ago—even yesterday—it would have seemed the most precious thing in the world to me."

"Doesn't it now?"

"No, it's too late. What they put me through—lord save us, what they put me through! The days I'd have gone running to eat out of their hand! Funny, isn't it, Beany, how you care so hard—and then, somehow, you stop caring. And then it comes. I stopped wanting to belong last night. And that's when they evidently decided I'd do, maverick though I am."

"But, Mary Fred, you'll be in everything if you're a Delt."

"Old Die-Hard Beany! I'll be in—in my own way—without them. Lila and I will always be chums. No, I'm no longer scared of going it alone. They did me a favor by making me realize that I could. Beany, do you know what made the wind change on the campus?"

"No, what?"

"That letter in the 'Tribune' from the Lover of Justice."

"Beany, hey, Beany!" Johnny bellowed up the stairs. "Elizabeth's home and she wants to make some custard for Don. She needs some vanilla. I'm busy on my play, but Norbett said he'd go to the store with you."

And that was how it happened that Beany Malone and Norbett Rhodes walked together that Saturday morning through a snow which sifted down as gently as torn paper. Beany wished she wouldn't keep wondering if Norbett had been hanging around waiting for Mary Fred to come downstairs.

They came to Downey's drugstore and Beany took off her wool scarf and shook it. Well, if Norbett were waiting to know about Mary Fred, she'd tell him.

"Mary Fred got her bid from the Delts. But she isn't going to pledge."

"Isn't she?" Was he just pretending indifference? "Well, I'm glad she didn't let them push her around."

"She says it was that letter from Lover of Justice that jolted them out of their complacency over all that tradition stuff."

"So! Did you ever find out who wrote it?"

"No—I wish I knew."

He said impatiently, "Beany, I'd think a newspaperman's daughter would be more alert to style in writing. Of course the copy editor corrected any misspelled words in it."

Her fingers, trying to retie her scarf, halted. "Norbett, you wrote it! Why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't give me a chance."

"Then it was you who straightened things out for Mary Fred." And then she had to ask it. "Did you write it to make up to her—I mean, for writing that Ander article? Or so Mary Fred would like you better?"

He reached over, took the scarf out of her fumbling fingers, and tied the knot himself. "Stop thinking I'm eating my heart out for Mary Fred. If you must know,

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there's someone I like a whole lot better since I've known you."

"What?"

"Didn't you guess, Beany?" He grinned quizzically. "I like a nose with freckles—the brazen kind—on it. Why did I put that letter in the 'Tribune'? Because, you little nut, you asked me to. Didn't you tell me you always thought of me with a sword in my hand, avenging injustices?"

"And a blue cape with a red lining," Beany added. She was warm with happiness. It surprised her to see people going by, their faces blue and pinched with cold, their necks hunched into coat collars.

Mr. Downey was painting a sign to lure customers. It seemed to Beany he was lettering, "Beany Malone, aren't you glad you didn't keep your heart locked up? It isn't so bad to stick your neck out, after all."

But the lettering for every passer-by to read was, "Peppermint-Stick Candy Today." And Norbett was saying, "I could buy my girl some peppermint-stick candy."

Beany giggled, full of happy plans. "I could make some peppermint-stick ice cream. We had it that first day when I asked you to the party, remember?" Suddenly, the thought of pink ice cream didn't make her the least bit sick. Suddenly the Malone way, that had seemed so wrong these last months, seemed so right.

THE END

Snakes can be Fun

(Continued from page 21)

is no doubt that one species of harmless snake alone—the striped, or garter, snake—far outnumbers all the poisonous snakes of all kinds in the country. Add to this the common water snake, the green snake, and the brown snake, and the chances become much less that any snake you happen to see is dangerous. Any figure would have to be a guess, but there are snake experts who believe that for every dangerous snake in the country there are one hundred harmless ones.

On the dangerous side we have only copperheads, coral snakes, and water moccasins, in addition to the rattlesnake family. Copperheads, found from Massachusetts to Florida and west to Illinois, Indiana, Oklahoma, and Texas, bite more persons than any other snakes, but only about one person in three hundred dies of such a bite. Coral snakes—a red, yellow, and black ringed snake of lustrous beauty, lives underground mostly, but is often turned up by the plow. It isn't quick to bite, but about half of its bites are fatal. It is found from North Carolina to Florida and west to Texas, with a few in the Ohio River valley. As for the water moccasin, it keeps to swampy places, and river and creek banks, from Virginia to Florida and west to southern Illinois and Indiana.

For your peace of mind while tramping the woods, remember that all snakes, except the six to eight foot diamondback rattler of the South and West, are far more afraid of you than you are of them. They will always scurry away unless cornered. None will chase you—even the diamondback doesn't go out looking for trouble, but he'll strike if you walk too close to his hiding place, and that's one more good argument for not hunting snakes.

Every State has some poisonous snakes, but Maine probably has the fewest, only a

rare timber rattler being seen now and then in some of the southern counties. New Hampshire and Vermont have next fewest. Michigan, too, is said to have only the sluggish swamp rattler; like other of the small rattlers, its bite is practically never fatal. If you're going to camp or to the country this summer, you'll be wise to find out which dangerous snakes are found in your locality, exactly what they look like, how best to keep out of their way, what to do in case of being bitten.

Knowing the unpleasant things about snakes is important. When the Sarasota boys and girls go tramping, they don't poke their hands into rocky crevices, climb over rocky ledges without looking where they're going, splash through swamps barefooted, or walk too close to palmetto shrubs, under which diamondbacks like to hide. They know those things are an invitation to trouble. But they are learning about the harmless varieties of snakes by keeping them as pets.

Jill Sullivan and Carol Bradley, both eleven, especially like the indigo or gopher snake, which sometimes gets nine feet long, and is the biggest snake in the country. Like many large people, it is good-natured, enjoys being with people, and wears a handsome varishaded black suit. His favorite meal is a live rat, with another rat or two for dessert. That useful diet, and his gentle harmlessness, have won him many friends among intelligent farmers. He is found in the Southeastern States.

Jill and Carol found how the farmers felt about the indigo snake, milk snakes, racers, and others of the rat and mice eating kinds when they visited Washington after making

BEGINNING IN JUNE . . .

The serial you've been clamoring for—more about Joan Andrews of *An Anchor for Her Heart* in

Window on the Sea

A complete new story by Ellsworth Newcomb in which Joan, now a full-fledged Navy Junior, has a lot of fun and tackles a few knotty problems in an interesting new setting at the Navy Air Base in San Diego.

the broadcast. At the Department of Agriculture they received a warm welcome from Assistant Secretary Brannon. He said their campaign to protect harmless snakes, which rid the country of rodents that destroy millions of bushels of grain a year, in addition to other important food, deserved much wider support.

"You're putting food in the mouths of starving people," he assured his callers. "Keep right on educating people."

On their return to Sarasota, the clubmembers were invited to Brazil. They declined that, but have accepted an invitation to go to Hollywood, California, next summer. The Department of Agriculture plans to arrange some meetings for them to ad-

dress on this trip. Clubmembers have already appeared before luncheon clubs in Florida, showing their pets and giving talks on their habits.

Audiences, prepared to see snakes, accept them with little disturbance. However, now and then someone gets a real start when he happens unexpectedly on a clubmember with his pet. While in New York, one of the boys decided it would be safe to wear one of his prettiest snakes as a belt, winding it through the belt loops of his trousers. The snake rested quietly until a woman approached and remarked on his "beautiful belt." Just then the snake lazily raised its head and stuck out its forked tongue. The admiring woman gave one amazed look and got away—fast. The snake owner wanted to explain to the woman that this tongue isn't a stinger. Snakes just have poor eyes, so the feeler apparently serves to aid some of their other senses. Some scientists believe it helps with smelling and that it picks up sound vibrations, necessary because snakes lack ears.

Another belief about snakes which isn't true is that they are slimy. Actually they are dry, and not at all unpleasant to touch. Of course when a wild snake is putting up a fight against capture, it sometimes emits an unpleasant odor and liquid, but most become tame quickly and that reaction ceases.

A favorite with all clubmembers is the biggest clown and bluffer in all the snake family—the hognose snake. By others, less informed, he is called a puff adder. No snake looks and acts more ferocious, and none is less dangerous. He is found in dry,

(Continued on page 57)

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Jokes

REALLY LARGE

TEACHER: Where are the biggest diamonds found?

JENNIE: In baseball parks.

Sent by JOSEPHINE SKRZYPEK, Perca, Pennsylvania

APPROPRIATE

MARY: What colors are you going to choose for your boxing club?

BILL: I suggested black and blue.

Sent by KATHLEEN MESZAROS, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin

HELPFUL

CHEF: Didn't I tell you to notice when the soup boiled over?

HELPER: I did. It was exactly half past ten.

Sent by MARY ANN SIMPSON, Marmet, West Virginia

OUCH!

ABBY: What's worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?

ANDY: A centipede with corns.

Sent by GLORIA COX, San Diego, California

COINCIDENCE

A student being questioned on the effects of heat and cold explained, "Heat expands and cold contracts."

"Right," said the teacher. "Now can you give me examples?"

"Well, in summer, when it's hot, the days are longer; but in winter, when it's cold, the days are shorter."

Sent by SOPHIA PRESTON, Fountain City, Tennessee

HARD LESSON

FATHER: Willie, don't you know it's wrong for boys to fight?

WILLIE: Yes, Dad, but Johnny doesn't, and I'm proving it to him.

Sent by NANCY SAMS, Baton Rouge, Louisiana

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

CUSTOMER: Where is the owner of this restaurant?

WAITER: Out to lunch, sir.

Sent by KENDALL B. WARREN, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

FOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE

OLD LADY (to white-coated man in drugstore): Pardon, are you the doctor?

SODA JENKER: No, ma'am, I'm a physician.

Sent by ANN WAITE, Middlebury, Vermont

PACKED HOUSE

The movie usher was at the dentist's. "Now, Miss," said the dentist, "which tooth is giving you all the trouble?"

"Second from the left in the balcony," she replied.

Sent by DONITA BALL, Otago, Iowa

HOPELESS

"Where's your pencil, Maggie?"

"Ain't got one, Miss Jones."

"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't one, you haven't one, they haven't one. Now do you understand?"

"Well, where's all the pencils if nobody ain't got none?"

Sent by RONALD STILLMAN, Hudson, Illinois

The American Girl will pay \$1.00 for every joke printed on this page. Send your best jokes to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, New York. Be sure to include your name, address, and age, and write in ink or on the typewriter.

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by Merrylen



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Snakes Can Be Fun

(Continued from page 55)

sandy places over most of the United States. When you come on him unexpectedly, he flattens his head, strikes wickedly, and hisses loudly. That's enough to chase away those who don't know snakes. Then our clownish friend grins, or whatever it is that snakes do when they're quite pleased with themselves, and goes about his business.

But if you refuse to scare and reach down to pick him up, the show goes better. The bluffer writhes viciously and strikes rapidly and repeatedly. But it's all a grand bluff—watch his mouth, and you'll see he doesn't even open it. Pick him up and he has one more trick—he plays dead. Hang him over a fence and he just hangs limp. That is, except for one thing. Put him down on his back and he immediately turns over. He seems to feel it just isn't right for a dead snake to be lying on its back, even though it does ruin his act.

There are a lot more laughs to be had in snake study. There's that story about milk snakes which dry up cows, for instance. Herpetologists, (as those who study snakes are called) point out that it's natural to see milk snakes around dairy barns, as rats and mice, favorite food of the milk snake, are abundant there. As for draining quarts of milk from a cow, the snake's stomach couldn't hold more than a glass; no cow would stand still while he milked it, because of his tiny but sharp teeth; and milk snakes just aren't interested in milk as a food—they like red meat.

Even more absurd is the hoop-snake story. It varies in different places, but always the snake sticks his tail in his mouth and goes rolling over the countryside. It's a fine folk story, but it isn't so.

Snakes don't swallow their young to protect them. If you see a snake swallow another snake it's because he wants a snake dinner. Clubbed snakes do die before sundown. In fact, strong sun alone is enough to kill snakes—even the sidewinder of the desert dies in temperatures above 113 degrees. That's why he hunts at night.

The glass snake doesn't dissolve into a dozen pieces and hide when you approach, and later reassemble himself. But there is a curious true thing about this snake. Grab him by the tail and he'll just leave it in your hand—he can grow a new one.

If you want to know more about snakes—how dangerous they are, where they live, and what they eat—go to your library and get Ditmars' "Reptiles of North America" or Pope's "Snakes Alive." Both are easy to read and well illustrated. Your town museum, a science teacher or nature counselor can also help out your study. Remember, fear of snakes isn't born in us. Children up to five or six will pick up a snake as quickly as a kitten. The fear is planted in us by stories we hear from the older folks.

It's a fear which can be banished quickly, as the Sarasota Snake Club is learning. They're working to arouse intelligent interest in snakes, and an understanding of their useful place in nature's scheme. Learn about the snakes in your locality—both the poisonous and the harmless ones. Maybe you won't make herpetology your career, but your information may pay off in other ways some day!

THE END



"STAMP FINDER"

GIVEN! -- BIG NEW EDITION, 22 pages, profusely illustrated! Tells you where the country to which any difficult-to-identify stamp belongs, and where to find it in your album! Also includes: 28 different stamps from African City, Palestine, Finland, Russia, Cyprus, Greece, Hungary, Newfoundland, Ireland, etc. All sent to approval applicants enclosing 3c postage. **GARCELON STAMP COMPANY** Box 907, Catala, Maine

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GIVEN

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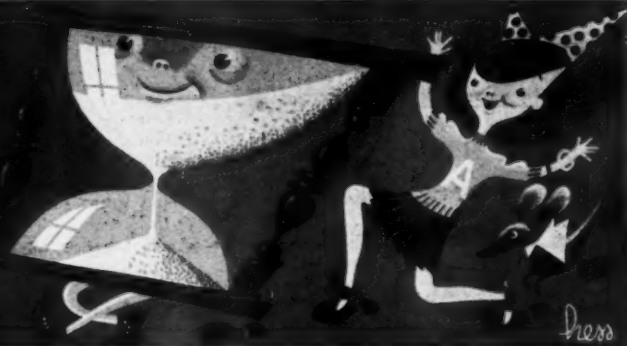
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In Step with the Times



by LLOYD WELDON

Practical Answer

If all the hungry, ill-clad children in the world were to walk past your house single file, one child passing per second, it would take a year for them to go by.

Because their need is too great to be filled by individual generosity, the United Nations set up a special organization two years ago, known as the ICEF—International Children's Emergency Fund. The Fund is operated by the Governments of the world and contributions come from national treasuries rather than from private pocketbooks.

The Fund began with an appeal for money contributions from member nations. Anxious to help the children, but lacking hard currency, many countries asked if they might give raw materials, labor, or transportation instead. Norway, for example, offered cod-liver oil; Poland, sugar; Yugoslavia, D.D.T. India promised cotton which British looms might weave into clothing. Australia could send huge supplies of butter; Canada, salt fish. Some countries could promise only free shipment of materials across their war-torn territories, but almost everyone wanted to help somehow.

Maurice Pate, the American Director of the ICEF, reports that the successful pooling of resources is growing by leaps and bounds. This month, for the first time, food and supplies will travel to the children of China, and a mass vaccination program—perhaps the largest single public-health measure ever undertaken—will be underway to help check the spread of tuberculosis among the child population of Europe. The vaccines? Supplied mainly by France and Denmark, they were shipped under many flags to distribution centers. Who will administer them? Most of the medical teams will be from Norway and Sweden at first, but the Swiss will help train personnel from recipient countries. It's just one example of how co-operation can work in a sick and hungry world.

Lamplady

During the war we heard a lot about morale problems among injured soldiers and sailors, but how many of us know that it was Florence Nightingale, whose birthday we celebrate this month, who first introduced recreational programs for wounded soldiers? It was during the Crimean War, when she became famous as the "Lady with the Lamp," that Florence Nightingale first suggested reading and recreation rooms for the men.

When she arrived in the Crimea with her little contingent of thirty-seven nurses,

she found that conditions were appalling. Men lay for days in dirty, blood-soaked uniforms before receiving medical attention. Others, for lack of sanitation, were dying of disease, so that British generals feared they would lose a large part of their armies before ever meeting the enemy in combat.

With amazing energy and determination, Florence Nightingale bandaged the wounded, ordered hospitals built, fought disease and vermin. In a few weeks the death rate fell from forty per cent to two per cent.

Then she began to think about morale. She set up recreation and reading rooms, encouraged the men to write home, and

ever, and despite the fact that it was considered a menial task in those days, she spent twelve years on the Continent learning the profession, and the rest of her life in raising its standards.

She gave up even romance to follow the call of duty. She fell in love with a young poet, Richard Monckton Miles, but refused to marry him because she felt that her profession was more important. Yet the story of her life is certainly one of the most romantic in history.

Great Game

On a sunny afternoon in the summer of 1839, a twenty year old West Point cadet, Abner Doubleday, marked out the first baseball diamond in a cow pasture at Cooperstown, New York.

Young Doubleday's original idea was to streamline the game of "one old cat" so that it could be played by a larger number of boys. It was he who suggested the "bases" that give the game its name, and his field dimensions are still used for modern games.

The first baseball club, the Knickerbockers, was organized in New York in 1845, and history tells us that the players were nattily dressed for the game in blue uniforms and white straw hats!

In 1858 the National Association of Baseball Players was formed, and less than ten years later this evolved into the National League. Then in 1900, the American League was formed. Today these are the most famous ball clubs in the world, each consisting of eight teams of the best baseball players in the country. During the summer months each team plays 154 games within its own league, and in September the winning team in each league is awarded a pennant. Then these pennant winners play each other in the World Series. The Series may be as long as seven games, and the first team to win four games is declared the champion for the year.

In 1939 the baseball world celebrated its centennial by setting up the National Baseball Museum at Cooperstown, New York. A picturesque little colonial building was set up to house equipment used in the early days of baseball, prints of early games and players, and balls used in famous games. The Hall of Fame makes up another part of the museum. It contains bronze plaques in honor of such famous players as Ty Cobb, Christy Mathewson, Walter Johnson, Babe Ruth, and Hans Wagner—names that inspire every youngster playing on a sand-lot to hit that ball just a little harder.

THE END

FAMILIAR EXCHANGE

Teen-age Daughter:

Mother, there's a movie I
Want to see with Maud and Vi.
It's a honey. May I go?
All the critics praise it so!

Mother:

Yes, indeed! Tell Vi and Maud
You will be there to applaud
After you have helped me clear,
Wash, and dry the dishes, dear.

by Bobby-Socks

taught them games and craftwork to occupy their time. Battle-toughened officers laughed at first, then opposed her for "babying" the men. But they soon noticed that cheerful men healed faster than unhappy men.

After the war, her countrymen planned great celebrations in her honor, but Miss Nightingale sailed home unannounced and walked alone up the street to her home. The gift of \$250,000 which had been raised for her by popular subscription she used to establish a convalescent home.

Weakened by her experiences, she was an invalid for the rest of her life, but she kept working for the betterment of the medical profession. She wrote many books on nursing and recreational work among the sick, and advised authorities in other countries, including United States medical officers during the Civil War.

Florence Nightingale was born on May 12, 1820, to an aristocratic English family. She was presented to the young Queen Victoria, at court, when she was eighteen, and a gay social life was predicted for the lovely, tall, blond girl. Nursing was her first love, how-

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